JOHN BULL, week ending April 8, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1973

3D EVERY THURSDAY

THE BEST FOR THE MOST
By The Editor

AN ARMY OF MARTYRS
By Swaffer

WE NEED THE 1940 SPIRIT
By A.G.G.

Wherever **Lifebuoy's** antiseptic lather is used in the home there is protection against those germs in the dirt.

It's more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

2½d per tablet—1 coupon

L 393-680-GB

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

Please don't forget the stoppers when you return Bulmer empties!

Bulmer's stoppers are made of precious rubber. Once lost they cannot be renewed. So please be *extra* careful to see that, when empty, Bulmer's Cider bottles are returned to your dealer with the stoppers *screwed tightly in place*. Besides conserving vital stocks of rubber, you will be helping us to maintain your supplies of Bulmers.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

Reprinted

Children need a satisfying drink at meal-time

So many meal-time drinks contain no nourishment at all. But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does); and iron to tone up the blood. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your family's meal-time drink from now on.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

is unrationed—grocers everywhere have it

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

Prices U.K. only (including Purchase Tax) Price 7½d Refills 7d Large size Refills 11½d

BRUSH YOUR TEETH AND RINSE WITH GIBBS

B. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 241A

FOOD FACTS

TO EVERY MOTHER WHOSE CHILD HAS A GREEN RATION BOOK

WHY even healthy children need cod liver oil and orange juice *every day*

Every child young enough to have a green ration book—no matter how well he is—should still have cod liver oil and orange juice *every day*, if he is to have *continued* health in later years.

For firm, strong bones and resistance to colds

Cod liver oil, containing Vitamin A and Vitamin D, develops a child's resistance to infections (especially colds and "chesty" complaints).

It also helps the body to build calcium, which is needed for strong, sturdy bones and the prevention of rickets.

For all-round health

Orange juice, containing Vitamin C, is needed for the child's general health.

Such troubles as proneness to tiredness, lack of vitality, skin troubles, and later—dreary gums, are caused by not enough Vitamin C in the diet.

It isn't enough to depend on the occasional orange you can buy at a shop. Your child needs orange juice *every day*. The orange juice provided by the Government scheme gives children the juice of six oranges every week.

Every normal child should be able to take both orange juice and cod liver oil without any coaxing. Don't suggest to the child, either by words or expression, that one or other of them may be distasteful.

There are over 10,000 distributing points all over the country where these foods can be obtained. Find your nearest one, and do your utmost to arrange to collect your child's cod liver oil and orange juice or have them collected regularly.

SOME HINTS on how to give cod liver oil and orange juice

1. Babies should have cod liver oil immediately before the feed. Start at 1 or 2 months. At first give only a few drops two or three times a day. Don't give orange juice or cod liver oil mixed with the bottle feed.
2. From the age of 6 months onwards a normal child should be having his full requirement of orange juice and cod liver oil every day, as directed on the bottle.
3. Ask your doctor or clinic for advice if you are in any doubt or difficulty.

LISTEN TO THE MINISTRY FRIEND, TUESDAY TO FRIDAY AT 8.15 a.m.

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1. Food Facts No. 19

"Can't you see I'm busy with my Schoolgirl Complexion?"
"Schoolgirl Complexion" is only grown-up talk to her now. But her mother is making sure that, one day, it will be part and parcel of her charm. The natural loveliness of her skin is being protected by the rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of Palmolive. She'll grow up "Schoolgirl Complexion" all over.
4d. Including Tax

PALMOLIVE

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

FROM DEADLY DIPHTHERIA

Have your child immunised against this dreadful scourge which attacks 50,000 children yearly in Great Britain and causes between 2,000 and 3,000 deaths. Immunisation is a proved protection. It involves merely two or three SAFE and simple treatments which are available to you free through your Council Office, School or Welfare Centre. Don't delay—act at once.

THE MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL *says*:—

"Immunisation is a life-saving measure"

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education

D5/12/8

CASHMERE CARDIGAN BOAT RACE SOUVENIR

No clothes coupons could replace it, so wash it with **SYLVAN FLAKES**

How welcome this pure wool cardigan was on the chilly towpath. How gay it looked under the soft lights in the tea shop after the Race. It has retained its shape so well—a tribute to your careful choice. You can still wash that cardigan, together with other such prized possessions, in Sylvan Flakes. These pure, rich soap flakes are scarcer now, so although they are ideal for all household uses, save them for your most delicate fabrics of wool, silk, linen or fine lace, whether white or coloured. In wartime Sylvan Flakes are packed in bulk. You can tell them by their firm, white appearance. Be sure you get Sylvan Flakes, and save them for those "extra specials." You get three ounces for one coupon. Weight for weight, they go further than any other kind of soap.

SYLVAN FLAKES

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 8, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

TESTING TIME

OUR leaders are wisely reticent. They will say no more than that Europe is on the eve of invasion.

But the enemy is loquacious. He wants to know all about our plan of campaign—except the actual date. Even the taciturn Rommel predicts that weather and tidal conditions will induce us to strike before May is out.

When and Where

Further Germans assert that we shall invade northern and southern France simultaneously—an easy guess.

They expect us to use 2,000,000 men (apart from the 500,000 Fighting French) and 20,000,000 tons of shipping.

U-boats

Such estimates are probably conservative. Even so, they cannot bring much comfort to the German people.

Twenty million tons of shipping would mean times the amount used in the Italian landings.

The U-boat is unlikely to prove a vital factor. Indeed, if our shipwrights knew how many U-boats have gone to the bottom there would be some caps thrown in the air.

Parachutists?

Next, according to our obliging enemy informants, we shall employ "very large airborne troops, and most probably attempt to land far behind the battle line."

Well, what is happening in Burma shows that a strong force of troops can be made independent of ground communication, can be fed with heavy equipment, and can be maintained in the most difficult country.

It shouldn't be so difficult on the Continent!

Air Cover

Certainly we do not need the enemy to tell us that air cover will be on the largest scale ever known.

Judging by recent attacks on France, we need not quarrel either with General Arnold's statement that "invasion has already begun."

The heavy bomber forces will continue to strike at Germany itself.

Those Defences

But much for the enemy's problems. What of our own?

Roughly, one-third of Germany's forces are standing to arms in Western Europe.

They are disposed in three "lines." On the coast are forces concentrated at the most likely landing points. Behind these a mobile force, perhaps some twelve divisions strong, that will be held until the main area of attack has become defined. And in Germany itself is the real reserve army.

Second Line

Behind the concrete "Atlantic Wall," a second defence line is being built. In Holland, even though the main attack is evidently expected in France, coastal areas have been flooded.

Thus must we do more than embark on the greatest amphibious operation in history. We must assault or outflank the most formidable obstacles ever devised.

Our Prospects

We shall rely not only on quantity but quality. Our troops will be better equipped than the enemy. They will, it is hinted, have a great number of secret weapons.

With skill and luck, this combination of force and ingenuity might enable us to triumph within two or three months. But it would be wise to anticipate a long period of bitter fighting and considerable casualties.

Biding Their Time

Incidentally, our Russian friends are believed to have powerful and surprising weapons which they have not yet brought into action.

Presumably these are being kept for a "grand-slam" when Anglo-American armies are driving towards Germany.

Facing Disaster

Yet already the position on the Eastern Front could hardly be better. The *Wehrmacht*, drained of many of its best divisions for the Channel Coast, is facing disaster all along the 1,800 miles from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

Going South

Particularly, of course, in the south.

There Kleist's troops are being scattered like chaff, the Carpathians are aflame with beacons lit by guerillas to guide the Russians, and it is highly doubtful whether any real defence line can be organised against the numerically *and* morally superior men of Zhukov and Koniev.

Now for Rome!

In Italy, the big news is the arrival of Spring. Hardening ground should make it possible to renew the march on Rome.

The main thrust may come not from the blood-stained hills of Cassino but the Anzio bridgehead. On both sectors we are engaging first-rate troops—and we shall make sure that they cannot be moved to France.

SOS

Across the Adriatic Tito's Partisans are appealing for weapons. Surely official London will not plug its ears with cotton-wool?

There in Yugoslavia is a great opportunity to hammer the enemy as he turns to face the Russian flood.

Lost Command

The new Nazi commander in the Balkans, General Jodl, cannot hope to do more than fight a delaying action. He has less than 50,000 men in Hungary—and most of them are from training battalions.

Even his forces in Rumania are inadequate, and if Rumania falls he will not keep any other part of the Balkans.

No Help

But we must admit that the Hungarians, Rumanians and Bulgarians are showing little sign of serious effort to extricate themselves from Hitler's angry grip. Even Maniu would probably find it hard to engineer a Rumanian rising just yet.

True, we have given them little incentive. We have not even devised a more realistic policy than the Unconditional Surrender demand which is more pleasing to Washington than to the Kremlin.

Uncertainty

There is still a chance that the Finns will make terms with Moscow before catastrophe overwhelms them.

And, to say the least, it is unsatisfactory that diplomatic relations have not been resumed between Poland and Russia. Their friends hope the Russians will make a magnanimous gesture soon.

Coming Shortly

Let us cross another frontier—into Germany itself. At last there are signs that the food shortage may soon be as grim for the Reich as for the Dutch and Belgians. Warning is given that rations may be cut; foreign workers have already been reduced to semi-starvation.

The Ukraine has been lost. Farm labour is inadequate. And there is a grave drought.

Big Question

Turn to the occupied lands, which can no longer be plundered to fill German stomachs. Is UNRRA quite ready to feed and "rehabilitate" the millions of people we shall liberate? And have we plans for their political emancipation?

Doubts arise. Washington wants Eisenhower to settle the French political problem—a move that would hamper his vast military task, would snub the French leaders in Algiers, and should certainly not be endorsed by London.

Unity, Please

Here, again, is evidence of the lack of unity in international diplomacy. Teheran gave promise of political co-ordination between the major United Nations; dangerously little time is left to fulfil it.

Cabinet Changes?

And in Britain's home affairs the absence of clear-cut planning could not be hidden by a Government reshuffle, which some people predict.

JOHN BULL believes there will be no such redeal until the belated White Paper on Social Security is published—a few months hence.

Meanwhile, it would be interesting to know just who is so anxious to move Mr. Eden from the Foreign Office. And why!

Five Into Two

On housing, in particular, the Government's stock is falling.

Though Mr. Churchill promises 500,000 prefabricated houses, he does not reveal that local authorities have sites for only 200,000. And how can more land be earmarked for housing until the Uthwatt, Scott and Barlow proposals are accepted?

Service Pay

As for the immediate present, Service pay and allowances provide another big question to which the Government must give a clear answer. And there shouldn't be much hesitation about it.

We are going to send our troops into the sternest of all battles. We should see that they are not only well armed but well paid and satisfied with the provisions made for their dependants.

(Continued overleaf)

EQUAL PAY

The Government has had a bad jolt. Which pleases JOHN BULL quite a lot.

But also the Government has given the country a bad jolt. And no one can be pleased about that.

The first jolt was thoroughly deserved. M.P.s' insistence that there should be no discrimination between the pay of men and women teachers reflected the nation's desire for the "equal pay for equal work" principle to be applied, not only to schools, but throughout industry.

It is a principle, incidentally, that has always been advocated in these columns.

But the Government's threat to resign if the House of Commons did not immediately retract its own free action may cause the nation to lose faith in the power of Parliament.

And that would be dangerous.

The country backs Mr. Churchill as its war leader. But "equal pay" has nothing to do with the conduct of the war. And if Mr. Churchill can trade on his war leadership to bar any peace reforms that do not appeal to him, his ideas on democracy must be different to those of most of us.

It is regrettable that such a situation should have arisen when the Second Front is demanding national unity.

But a warning must be given: This country will not tolerate any form of dictatorship or rubber-stamp Parliament.

"WE MAY OURSELVES BE THE OBJECT OF NEW FORMS OF ATTACK FROM THE ENEMY"—

The Prime Minister's Broadcast speech 26.3.44

JOHN BULL offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire Guards, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Civil Defence Workers, etc., an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against AIR RAIDS, GAS ATTACKS, INVASION AND BOMBARDMENT, as well as COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

NOW, to tread on dangerous ground for a moment: to look round some of the war factories and study the output position.

We find it increasingly difficult to reconcile the official pronouncements of Government spokesmen with the facts as readers see them.

Refugee's Case

This, for instance, in a letter from a refugee from Guernsey. . . . "Dad works in an aircraft factory. With hundreds of others he's been sitting on a box all week doing nothing. Plenty to do but not told to do it. When some of the head ones are coming to inspect the works, they write to let them know. So, of course, they have orders to be at work when they come."

"Won't Shut Up"

And so the letter goes on till . . . "Dad says he won't shut up. He would rather go to prison when he thinks of those poor fellows in the fighting line and all those —— keeping things back."

That's straight talk. It's not the sort of thing people write when they've got a private axe to grind.

Want To Help

Sir Stafford Cripps, Minister of Aircraft Production, is very welcome to the letter, the writer's address and the name of the aircraft factory.

He has our assurance right away that we want to help him, not hinder him, in the problems of keeping up production. And we don't assume that the conditions as they're described are universal. We should not have the Lancasters and Halifaxes to send to Germany so regularly if they were.

Paid Idleness

Unfortunately, the refugee's letter isn't the only one. A Lancashire reader says that he's worked at an aircraft factory since January, 1943. And in 14 months he doesn't consider he's done six months' work.

Since Christmas he's had three periods of (paid) idleness each lasting at least a week.

Thoughts in the East

Our correspondent is an Australian, and he makes this pertinent comment: "The managements over here may think the European side of the war is in the bag, but my thoughts are naturally also in the Pacific zone."

So are anyone else's. If they've got any sense.

Ignore Them?

We said it was dangerous ground, this subject of war output. It's dangerous because a few examples may be taken as typical of conditions throughout our factories. And of course there is no general slackness. Moreover, there is always the difficulty of change-over in production, which means temporary idleness for some workers.

But what are you to do with patriotic citizens who can't work as hard as they wish to win the war? Ignore them?

Not Driving

Since our mention of the number of trained lorry drivers who are not being used at their own job in the Army, letters have poured in.

A London bus driver was called up last May. He went to the R.A.S.C., and naturally passed his driving test immediately. Since then (he says) he's been a "spud peeler, sweeper-up and whitewash man." Altogether he's driven about a mile and a half a week.

And remember it isn't everyone who could drive well enough for the L.P.T.B.

In the A.T.S.

A 21-year-old member of the A.T.S. says she's been reading the Government's appeals for drivers. For more than three years she drove heavy lorries, but lately there's been no work for her. She's been on the road twice in the last ten weeks—and both jobs were a waste of time and petrol.

So why are the special appeals being made for volunteer drivers?

Box and Cox

Another example of wasted skill is reported by a Ministry of Labour instructor. In his class he has a girl who was born and bred on a farm. She can milk, drive a farm tractor, do the hundred and one jobs needed on the land.

Yet she has been taken away from home, leaving her father and mother to keep their farm going as best they can. Her two brothers are in the Forces.

Perhaps, while she is busy learning a new job her father will get a raw recruit to train for farm work.

For Mr. Tomlinson

Mr. George Tomlinson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Labour, has won deserved praise for all he's done for the disabled workers. He'll be interested in the case of Mr. A. G. Heath, of Catford, London, S.E.12.

Mr. Heath, who lost his right arm and his left leg in France in 1940, applied at a Labour Exchange for training under the Government Rehabilitation Scheme.

Got His Own Job

He says an official told him: "With your disability, they could train you for nothing at all."

Soon afterwards Heath found a job with a firm in the City. They paid him a decent wage while giving him training. He still holds that job.

No Time Wasted

A dirty trick is still a dirty trick even if it's according to the rules. And it certainly looks as if a London member of the N.F.S. has been played a dirty trick.

While he was lying in hospital—on the danger list—notification of his discharge from the Service on the grounds of ill-health was delivered.

Cold Comfort

Some people don't like anti-aircraft batteries as neighbours. But a Middlesex reader did not mind. He allowed the gunners the use of his bathroom, kept his boiler hot for them.

But, alas, his coal gave out.

Nor does he stand much chance of getting any more just yet. "No business of ours if you entertain soldiers," said his merchant.

All Lit-up

On the way home during a recent alert—and when flares were dropping—we saw a house with light flooding out of the upper and lower windows.

Wardens standing round were telling alarmed neighbours that they had phoned the police and could do no more.

Emergency Powers

Police arrived *after* the "All Clear," burst open a door and put out the lights. No doubt they will take other steps.

But surely wardens should be allowed to act in emergencies. And if they have the powers, surely they should use them.

Boycott

A Birmingham allotment holder is giving up his plot after three years.

Reason? The local greengrocer boycotts his wife. Because she does not have to buy potatoes, cabbage and things like that, she is refused tomatoes and fruit.

Not much encouragement to dig for victory.

Report Them

It is not an offence for a shopkeeper to refuse to sell fruit or other things in short supply even if he has them in stock.

But the Ministry of Food tells us that all reported cases are noted and, if the circumstances warrant it, drastic action is taken in the end against retailers. So do not hesitate to let the M. of F. know if you've been badly treated.

Dump Wanted

One more handicap to victory digging. . . . A woman who has just taken a house in the London area wants to clear a heap of war damage rubbish from her garden so that she can begin cultivation.

But the local council refuse responsibility. They advise getting the house owner to remove the stuff—which incidentally contains salvage. But the owner has got no dump. And no one will help him to find a place to put the debris.

Air Mail Again

Oh, dear. A word of praise for the Post Office over their speed in delivering an Air Mail letter from overseas, and a dozen readers say their experience has been the opposite. They complain of incomprehensible delay.

We're still on the G.P.O's side. Practically every case JOHN BULL has investigated has shown that the authorities are not to blame. After all, this is a war of movement and soldiers have the habit of moving without a circular letter to notify change of address.

Birth Tests

A colleague, talking the other day about the official sermons on the need for keeping up the birth rate, recalled interesting tests made in America. The tests were so interesting that it would be good to hear that they were being followed up in this country.

Curve Went Up

Briefly, the idea is that soft water means more babies. In Georgia and Florida it was found, after examining statistics in a number of industrial and residential towns that the population curve went up when the water was softer.

Is this being looked into over here? Decent houses, decent wages, decent health services are the first things for a rising population, but the water question is an extra that ought not to be ignored.

Naval Hero

A letter from the father of Major Hood, whose gallant leap from ship to ship in the Arctic was described in JOHN BULL the other week, gives some further details of one of the Navy's bravest men.

Maurice was only 24 when he left from a destroyer to help wounded in an escort vessel which managed to come alongside. We had mistakenly described him as middle-aged.

Saving Another

His youth makes the story all the sadder—because the young doctor lost his life. He died (in the words of Admiral Stark, head of the American Navy in Europe) "to save another under circumstances when it would have been easy to have saved his own life."

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

Princess Elizabeth will have an important birthday in thirteen days' time. She'll be 18 on April 21, and from then on becomes a potential Counsellor of State. Already she's taken part in her first big public ceremony, and at a march-past at Buckingham Palace soldiers, sailors and airmen saw that the Princess can be every inch a queen. We welcome the decision of the King and Queen to allow their daughter to tour the country and take an increasing part in public life rather than join one of the Women's Services. It is in such tours as these that the King and Queen themselves won the love of their people.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Weather alone prevented Battle of Berlin from being won last month. Probably another 10,000 tons of bombs will finish the job—and the R.A.F. can drop more than 2,000 tons a night.**
- *Dutch officials are preparing claims for compensation against Germany regarding valuable farmlands flooded as anti-invasion measures. So Poland won't be the only country to have territorial demands on the Reich.*
- **French company has agreed to insure Vichy militiamen against death and injury while on duty. It's a big risk—but Darnand hopes to get more recruits this way.**
- **New attempt is coming to save Mihailovich from becoming one of the war's Forgotten Men. His friends here plan a publicity campaign for him—but it won't alter London's preference for Tito.**
- *Moreover, about half the exiled Yugoslav Government is now pro-Tito. But Prime Minister Puritch remains obdurate.*
- **Big increase in sabotage has already resulted from London's appeal to the Czechs. In all occupied lands resistance is reaching its peak.**
- **Floating ice in the Danube is hampering German supplies and efforts to defend the Balkans.**

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

THE BEST FOR THE MOST

EAVING questions of Party politics and personal interest aside, what *can* honest men and women desire for this country but "the greatest good of the reatest number"?

Assuming, then, that as a people we are aim- g to secure the best for the most, our national olicy must be shaped boldly to this purpose.

Whether by private enterprise or State con- ol, or, more probably, a wise combination of th, the work and wealth of the community ust be devoted primarily to the common good.

Let us, therefore, keep an open mind to tionalisation. Let us consider it without pre- dice as a possible way to run at least part of e nation's business.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, in s recent week-end speeches, has clearly tried to this.

He cannot see how the nation's affairs can osper after the war unless various war time ntrols are continued into the peace.

And he faces the possibility that State control may have to be extended in certain directions if we truly desire the best for the most.

Though Mr. Morrison has been speaking for mself, not for the Government, even his thinking aloud" has alarmed many supporters unrestricted private enterprise.

Captain Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary for r, who has also been "thinking aloud" but with s profundity, is by no means alone in advocat- g a national policy which will free us from con- ols as soon as possible.

He makes the foolish claim that we are winning the war through private enterprise.

It is foolish because, as we all know, the direction of war industry and transport, not to speak of the Armed Forces, are both under State control.

Indeed, every form of private enterprise now rmitted is also subject to control in some degree.

And nobody, even among the extreme indi- dualists, has questioned the need for State rection during the war or for some continuation it when fighting ceases.

Take, for instance, mankind's first necessity— od. Captain Balfour and many others are eager abolish queueing, rationing and requisitioning om our daily lives at the first opportunity.

But they are forced to admit that these ings cannot be abolished until supplies are entiful again.

Millions of ordinary men and women do not nt to abolish rationing at all because they have en that, with price control, it has made essen- l foods available to all in equal quantities and a fair price.

When it comes to rebuilding Britain and re- anising our way of living for the betterment the people as a whole, we shall certainly have decide not only what personal liberties should be restored, but also what controls we can ord to do without.

And we may find that no social security will possible without State ownership of certain y industries and national resources.

JOHN BULL has no Party politics and does not vocate any political creed, but we are ready to amine constructive ideas from whatever source ey come.

We suggest that an impartial study of the st reconstruction problems which lie ahead can d only to the conclusion that State ownership, full control, is desirable in five vital directions.

Land comes first: land for rehousing and re- anning and for agricultural purposes.

It is surely obvious that a "better Britain" nnot be planned and built unless the State has wer to choose sites and to acquire them at a asonable price.

Even the young Tories of the Conservative Reform group incline to this view. They see that national planning is impossible without some measure of State control—and Mr. Churchill him- self has admitted as much.

Logically, however, there can be no complete and satisfactory control without State ownership.

This may have to be acquired by gradual stages. But if we mean to have houses for all, open spaces where they are wanted, a redistribu- tion of population upon common-sense lines, and a well-planned agricultural programme, then the State *must* ultimately exercise supreme power over land purchase and development rights.

Transport comes next. Under war conditions this is already State-controlled, and we suggest that nationalisation is likely to become more— and not less—desirable when peace returns.

Without nationalisation it would hardly be possible to avoid international friction over civil air lines.

Certainly we shall never obtain full economic value from our railways, docks, roads, canals and coastwise traffic unless they are made to work together under some central authority.

Immense economies in transport have been secured by war time restrictions and national planning. In a peaceful future, while certain of these restrictions may be relaxed, national plan- ning and control will remain indispensable to the public welfare.

Fuel and Power, separate aspects of what is really a single problem, both call for nationalisa- tion or total State control, because both are vital factors in the national economy.

The tragic muddle in the coalfields has been largely due to the half-hearted war time com- promise between State ownership and private profit.

The miners will never be satisfied with any- thing less than nationalisation of the industry. They have no respect for patchwork concessions and local bargains because they resent the prin- ciple of working in pits exploited for private gain.

And they see little hope of uniformity in pay and conditions until they are all working for a single owner, and that owner the State.

As to *Power*, both water-power and electricity, we pointed out only a few weeks ago that "there can be no final solution to this purely national problem without a national plan."

At present water and electricity supplies are controlled by hundreds of privately owned com- panies and local authorities. There is no unifor- mity of supply or of prices.

The development of large areas is re- tarded for lack of power, and in many others the community suffers from a ridiculous and wasteful succession of flood and drought.

The principal opposition to State ownership of all electrical and hydro-electrical systems ap- pears to come from the vested interests concerned. Rationally, there is no valid argument against the State taking them over.

Last, but not least, we come to *Money*. This is so vast and intricate a subject, so bound up with international as well as national considera- tions, that nationalisation could not be an easy solution.

Nevertheless, our present system of banking may have to be State-controlled if bold projects of reconstruction are to be adequately financed.

Here again this war could not have been waged unless the Government had exercised an overriding control of all the nation's financial transactions.

IN the past the Lords of High Finance have often overridden the Government of the country; they have restricted or enlarged credit as they thought fit and largely as their own interests dictated. They have been the unseen arbiters of alternate boom and slump.

If we as a people intend to manage our busi- ness affairs, if we wish to build homes for all and find work for all, if we desire to control the Stock Exchange in such a way as to protect the investing public, and if we are determined to produce for the consumer's needs instead of business profits, then we, through our chosen Government, must hold the strings of the national purse.

The best for the most is not to be won with- out overcoming bitter opposition from all who have been used to having the best for themselves.

So, if nationalisation be the best and shortest way to national prosperity, we should be prepared to follow that way without pre- judice and without fear.

Some Russians Are Already In France

"WHEN are *they* coming?" For months this has been one of the two main topics of discussion in France.

I have just heard a first-hand account of present-day life in France by an important person whose name I dare not reveal.

He moved freely among ordinary citizens. They have, he tells me, no illusion about the suffering which an Allied invasion will entail.

But they are so confident as to its success that they are rather in- clined to underrate its difficulties.

You see, they are too apt to be impressed by the lack of Germans in the interior of the country.

★ ★ ★

They compare not only the strength of the German garrisons now with 1940-41, but also their quality, equipment and morale.

Two years ago there were Ger- man military police, S.S. and *Gestapo* patrols everywhere—at all the main cross-roads, railway stations, in all express trains, and, of course, along the demarcation line between the occupied and the so-called free zone.

Recently, my informant travelled thousands of miles across France.

Not once was he stopped by German police—not even on his journey from Lyons to Paris at the demarcation line where, in former years, the trains stood for hours while the *Gestapo* was checking up every passport.

★ ★ ★

In Paris, he left and entered several main stations. Not once was he asked to show identity papers; the only control was for tickets by railway employees.

The only time he was asked for his identity papers was by a Vichy militiaman, and that because his train was approaching one of the centres of guerilla resistance.

And he confirms JOHN BULL'S disclosure that a substantial pro- portion of the German army of occupation in France now consists of—Russians!

These are divisions which the Germans started recruiting some eighteen months ago.

They were assisted by fanatical White-Guard officers, and also by a very few turn-coat officers of the Red Army, such as General Vlastov.

But most of the former prisoners now wearing the German army uniform had been purposely starved in prison camps and pro- mised decent food if they volun- teered for Vlastov's Anti-Red divisions.

On their German greatcoats they wear an armlet with the letters "R.O.A." In Russian, they sustain with a smile, these initials could also read: "Russians will cheat Adolf."

★ ★ ★

Perhaps they will. Certainly Hitler must be short of men to include them in his forces.

None the less, there are many German crack divisions along the coasts, behind the "Atlantic Wall."

But once the "Atlantic Wall" is pierced—as it will be—how will Marshal von Rundstedt be able to stop the invading armies?

I don't think that he can rely for that purpose on General Vlastov's "R.O.A." . . . VICTOR SCHIFF.

Sir ERNEST SIMON,

Chairman, Manchester University Council

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—British Universities, out, as it were, in the industrial wilderness, want to play a much bigger part in furthering trade, and to that end have drawn up a scheme which in the next ten years would cost the State £50,000,000.

That's a lot of money. But it's only half the pre-war annual income of American Universities, which play so important a part in the technical and scientific development of the colossal industrial system of the U.S.A.

Provision should be made in post-war planning for the utilisation of University-trained research workers, so that our industries do not fall behind in the march of progress.

The steel industry is setting up a permanent research organisation drawn from the best scientific brains in the country. This is a wise move, and a lead which other basic industries might follow.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ERNEST GRAHAM-LITTLE,

Ind. Con. M.P., London University

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—I'm a little hazy about the Hippocratic oath, but I believe it expresses the sacred obligations which all doctors owe or should owe to their patients. I may be wrong, but I doubt whether a sense of those obligations was greatly in evidence at the Guildford meeting of a hundred doctors who passed a resolution expressing opposition to any form of State medical service.

That meeting, at which you described voluntary hospitals as the bastions of medical freedom, was deeply concerned about the "freedom" of the medical practitioner, but was apparently quite unconcerned about the national welfare.

The health and well-being of the nation are greater than the individual doctor. And for him to retain what he terms his professional "freedom" at the expense of the nation would be a shameful reflection on a great and, in the most unselfish profession.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON,

Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—Your fine speech on penal reform deserved even more attention than it received.

You propose, not to make the punishment fit the crime, but to make the punishment fit the offender.

We must have the best possible magistrates and justices' clerks. The probation system and child guidance clinics must be used to the full.

Jail reformer

Training camps should be preferred to jails; every effort must be made to equip the offender for a place in decent society. And those who refuse every chance ought to be "put out of the way for a long time."

I agree. But I think the greatest stress should be given to improved treatment for juvenile delinquents, as the House of Lords recently insisted.

For we should tackle crime at its source. We must prevent the naughty child from growing into a hardened offender with a grudge against Society.

And let us begin by removing from juvenile courts all stiff-necked or aged magistrates, by seeing that no child is jailed for a first offence—and by remembering that better education and decent housing are no less important than his removal from "bad company."—JOHN BULL.

Lord DARYNGTON,

Onslow Gardens, London, S.W.7

MY LORD,—You and your like are after us again. By us I mean the men and women of Britain who like their glass of ale or beer, and who manage to keep the war effort going.

You, some Nonconformist ministers, and some lay churchmen want a "No-Treating" Order such as was imposed during the last war.

Your case for the imposition of this further restriction on the liberty of the subject seems as weak as the beer for which we are paying an outrageous price.

Drunkenness is on the decline. Spirits are in so short supply and so prohibitively dear that few people drink them. Most men and women dropping into bars don't go there to drink for drinking's sake, but to meet on a common social level.

Can't you and your clan realise how well-behaved the nation is to-day? Don't you appreciate the unmurmuring way in which liberties have been given up?—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir BERTRAM HOME RAMSAY,

Allied Naval Commander-in-Chief

DEAR SIR BERTRAM,—It is significant at this critical juncture of the war, when the world indulges in an orgy of speculative whispers about the Allied invasion of Europe, that little or no reference is made to the part the Navy will play.

There is talk in plenty of the armed hosts ready in this island for the last great land battle.

The great air fleets massed for the clash are already in action, smashing at Hitler's fortress by night and by day.

Because there is little said about the Navy we assume that the Navy, as usual, is ready to tackle the biggest task in its history.

You, as the world's greatest naval expert on the planning and organising of large-scale amphibious operations, are the key-man in the whole invasion set-up.

Happily, events of the past four years have proved your ability to direct the biggest operation in all naval history—the armada to invade Europe.

You were the brains behind the "miracle" of Dunkirk. Your staff at Dover and the little ships under your command brought to safety from a hell of German bombs and shells 335,000 men. For that you were knighted.

But the real honour was the fact that you became "Dynamo" Ramsay, nicknamed so because of the "Dynamo" Room from which you directed those brilliant operations.

The great sea-borne expedition of 850 ships to North Africa was also planned by you. Yours was the mind that set in motion the campaign that flung the enemy out of Africa.

Again at Sicily, when Allied armies set foot again on the European mainland, you organised the seaborne expedition which resulted in the capitulation of Italy.

In all these operations you have stood out as a symbol of naval efficiency and naval grit. More, you have become a portent of success; and the name Ramsay has become a synonym for Results.

Another return visit to the shores from which you snatched our Dunkirk lads will, I hope, not be much longer deferred.

Then, and only then, will you achieve what has been your ambition since those depressing days of 1940—the sight of vast Allied armies pouring ashore instead of evacuating a bomb-ravaged beach. Good fortune, Sir Bertram!—JOHN BULL.

Sir JAMES JEANS,

Professor of Astronomy, Royal Institution

DEAR SIR JAMES,—On the war-torn face of this planet there is ample evidence to lend strength to your theory that civilisation may be in the process of destroying itself.

Millions of people have perished; millions more are dying slowly of sheer starvation; nations, physically and mentally, are suffering blows the effects of which will be felt for generations to come.

Perhaps, you say, civilisation carries the seeds of its own destruction. Certainly, you add, the pessimist will take that view. But reflect, Sir James, on the other aspect of the case.

If man were purely materialistic, if he were concerned solely about material things, and if his powers of destruction were not balanced by an urge to create and to build better than his forebears, then your pessimist would seem right in his gloomy vision.

Yet, strangely enough, out of the most destructive phases of man's history have come the greatest upsurges towards a better way of life and living.

Ravaged towns and cities have been reborn; social injustices have been removed; and eventually good has come out of evil.

Other civilisations have perished, but civilisation has gone on. Through war and famine, drought and pestilence, man has struggled bravely forward.

To-day he is at the cross-roads. He bears a cross of his own making. But even as he toils and sweats and dies he looks ahead.

The pessimist has a good case. But the man who has faith in Man stands on surer, happier ground. And I feel, despite your theory, that you agree with me.—JOHN BULL.

IN THE MONEY—OUT OF BATTLE

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

UNSKILLED workmen in the Midlands getting—I nearly wrote "earning"—£49 a week will, no doubt, awaken in the minds of our Second Front soldiers the feeling that all is not well with this cock-eyed economic world.

★ ★ ★

When I read of such wages I thought of the Army wife trying to struggle along on an allowance hopelessly inadequate for herself and her children.

And I thought of the men who had given up good jobs to join the Services, and who, because of volunteering, had been deprived of assistance from their firms.

And I thought of the money pouring in solid streams through crooked channels in London and our big provincial cities; I thought of all the people who are exploiting to the full the easy money chances of the war.

Is there no check to this economic stupidity? Can no one readjust the balance between service and reward? Must the men and women who fight and suffer also shoulder the burden of economic sacrifice?

Who decides that a soldier is worth a few paltry shillings a week and an unskilled workman worth £7 a day?

Not every unskilled worker gets £7 a day. Yet many get in their wage packets every week sums which shame the salaries of men trained and educated for positions of executive responsibility.

The forgotten men in Britain to-day are not all wearing khaki, bell-bottoms or Air Force blue. Some are men too "genteel" to resort to collective bargaining and too sensitive to risk rebuff or refusal if they requested an increase in salary.

Spineless? No, not that. They are steeped in the tradition of their work. They detest the possibility of being regarded as grasping or greedy. They set great store on the background of their lives and their labours.

Such men will resent bitterly, and the fact that others without a quarter of their ability, their resource, and their intelligence are rewarded with four or five times their money.

I wish Alderman Charles Terry, who told a Birmingham meeting about the super-tax earnings of under-skilled workers, had revealed how many hours they put in a week and what exactly their jobs are.

★ ★ ★

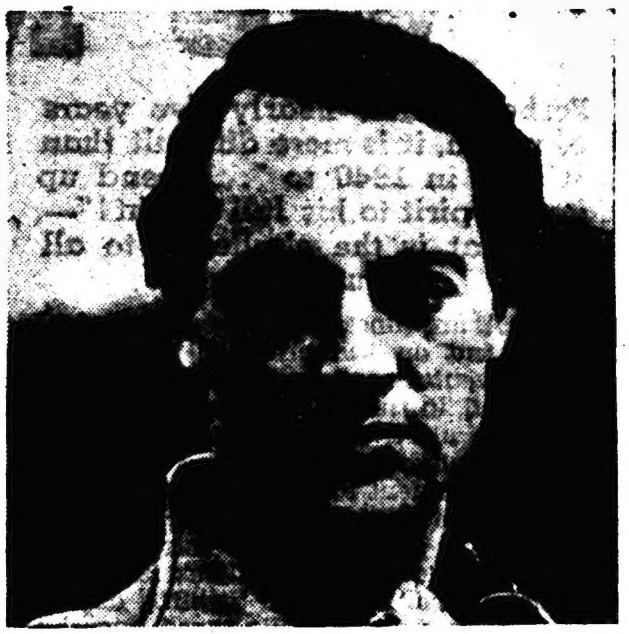
Perhaps they are paid extra money for being engaged on dangerous work; perhaps their jobs are particularly difficult and arduous. Perhaps many who earn them the wages don't envy them their duties.

But I'm prepared to wager that many men battling in the rubble of Caen would be only too ready to exchange jobs and accept a quarter of the money they're finding its way into the pockets of the extraordinarily skilled, unskilled workers.

But the Boys Come Back!

By MARK PRIESTLEY

When you hear that some of our "aircraft failed to return," the pilots may have baled out over neutral or enemy territory—sometimes they escape to freedom



Air-Commodore Whitney Straight was shot down over France

GARISH flame over enemy territory, the stench of gushing glycol, the hellish din of exploding ammunition, the screaming of engines gone insane. . . .

"Stand by to bale out!" A pause. "Abandon ship!"

It's the last hectic moment in the life of a bomber. And as the boys take the parachute jump, they seem to sever a last link with home.

Retreat lines cut! Yes, that's how it feels to an R.A.F. youngster as he swings at the end of a silken brolly in the Berlin night sky or, maybe, somewhere above our "targets in France."

But there's sometimes a sequel . . . an amazing, incalculable, adventurous aftermath.

It happened to Arthur John, R.A.F. air mechanic, when he landed from a leaky sailing boat on the south-easterly tip of Sweden.

He had dodged all the Nazi patrols, dined in mufti in a restaurant alongside six unsuspecting German officers "just to see what it felt like"—and, as he says, he'd "had fun for a week."

Nonchalant

His Lancaster had been set afire by the Berlin flak. The pilot decided to try to get to Sweden. He made it all right, but the heat became unbearable—and it just happened that John was told to bale out.

Miraculously, the first person he approached for food and shelter turned out to be an Englishwoman, the wife of a Dane. She introduced him to a man who worked for an underground newspaper and was planning to escape before the *Gestapo* finally got on his tail.

They hid together, but such an adventure isn't always wildly sensational.

In the end they raided a boathouse with six local men and carried their prize down to the shore in broad daylight!

With an equal scorn of staggering risks, another flier spent a recent weekend in Paris and six days later strolled into an R.A.F. mess in Gibraltar.

And if nonchalant is the word for Flight-Lieutenant Thaddy Koc, of the famous Polish 303's—he destroyed his first two Nazi bombers in the first month of war—his escape is surely the ultimate in sheer nerve.

He was escorting the Venturas over the invasion coast when his 'plane was shot down.

He lay in a pond while Nazis in lorries and cars scoured the countryside.

Then a French farmer gave him some civvies and he hid in a barn.

The Germans probed their bayonets into everything—but they didn't find Thaddy.

Two days later, in a little Paris hotel, he revealed his identity to the dear old soul behind the desk.

"Then you are an enemy of my country," she screamed. "I am a German!"—and she yelled for the police.

Landed in Norway

Thaddy ran until he caught a train to the south. Imagine for yourself the hazards and risks of the journey. Least of them was the fact that he went without food the better part of the week. Yet he was soon "back on duty."

It is said of one Polish flight-lieutenant that he has twice been brought down while raiding Germany—and has twice avoided capture. The first time he reached Sweden with his damaged aircraft and was interned in the pleasant country house camp "reserved" for our airmen near Falun.

He was exchanged last March. A few weeks ago he dropped into Falun again after his petrol tank had been shot to bits during another raid over North Germany.

Perhaps he'll be back again.

Wing-Commander Don Bennett, D.S.O., was actually rounded up by German troops when his bomber crash-landed in flames near Trondheim. Eventually he broke loose with his second pilot and, hunted day and night by Nazis and quislings, they made good their escape over the snow-bound mountains into neutral territory.

Fooled the Germans

There, for some time, the risk of internment was acute, but they presently arrived safely in Britain.

Air-Commodore Whitney Straight, shot down over France when he had chalked up three enemy 'planes, was reported a prisoner of war. For all that, he surprised his old Devonshire nurse with a 'phone call one day and turned up blithely wearing a hiking shirt and shorts.

Then there was the thrill of Wing-Commander Harry Bufton, of the Pathfinders. Shot down while attacking Cologne, he baled out with his crew. Their friends and relatives had given them up for lost when they came merrily home.

Mind you, it doesn't always happen. It doesn't happen often. I'm the last man to encourage false hopes.

But it isn't a chance in a million. The odds are shorter.

In Italy, not long ago, Flight-Sergeant Arthur Collier was shot down, with shrapnel wounds. He dressed them and managed to walk thirty miles after dark.

Two Germans stopped him. His mud-stained shirt and trousers gave no clue to his identity.

He acted bomb-happy, jabbering away in a language invented on the spur of the moment. They ran their hands over him, then let him go. The search failed to reveal the gun suspended from his neck by a lanyard.

Then an Italian police chief came to his aid—by putting him in a prison cell. It made the best of all hiding places in which to wait till the Allied armies "caught up with him."

In the same way, Sergeant George Stevens and his pal Bill White hiked back to freedom after nearly a year in the enemy's hands.

George had to take to the dinghy when his Coastal Command 'plane, crippled by ack-ack, crashed into the Mediterranean after a minelaying sortie.

An enemy destroyer, escorting a tanker, picked him up—and George had the odd experience of seeing the tanker blow up on one of the mines he had laid.

Landed in Italy, taken to Rome for interrogation, he met Bill White at Sulmona prison camp on the capital's outskirts.

They were both Aussies, both in the meat trade, both wireless-op-gunners. They escaped together.

Bill's story was no less startling. Survivor from a crashed Sunderland, he had been taken aboard an enemy submarine—and depth-charged by British destroyers!

100 Mile Tramp

Escaping, the two saw the Nazi transports racing back along the Italian roads to get away from an outflanking movement of the Eighth Army.

Their uniforms swapped for old civilian clothes, they walked and crawled well over 100 miles in a fortnight before they fell in with our advanced patrols.

That's how it is with the boys who come back. A bee line for home and beauty—but first the excitement!

Secrets of Stalin's Dive-Bombers

AS Soviet pilots dive-bomb Nazi General Kuchler's retreating troops, the Red bomber crews peer down through periscopes!

On the belly of the hush-hush new PE-2 dive-bombers used on Soviet battle-fronts there is an ingenious retractable rear-gun cockpit. The gunner lies flat on the floor to fire, and gets an accurate sight through a 110-degree periscope.

This is only one of the several technical surprises.

★ ★ ★

Very wisely the Soviet Air Command have kept the technical details of the PE-2 a secret. Even Air Ministry experts in London and U.S.A. Air Force technicians were anxious to know the full "gen."

Now pictures and many technical details have been flown to Britain, and the story of the PE-2 can be told.

Pilots report that the PE-2 handles extremely well, but that it does not suffer fools gladly. For instance, it goes into a spin very readily if a faulty manœuvre is made. The machine is reported to be very stable in a dive and to give very good dive-bombing results, and to be easy to land.

It is considered that such items as radiators and tanks are vulnerable, but Russian pilots say that a new version with two 1,600-h.p. engines is on its way.

The present PE-2 looks somewhat like a Beaufighter or Mosquito in general appearance, but the general "bulk" is rather different because, in fact, there are no fewer than eleven fuel tanks tucked in the fuselage and wings. If one of them should be hit, anti-fire gas can be blown into the tanks to put out the flames.

Every gadget on the dive-bomber is worked by an electric motor. There are eighteen of them, and you just touch a button to open the oil or engine radiator shutters, or change the supercharger gear—and an electric motor spins into action!

Stalin's dive-bomber carries a crew of three, and they are accommodated as follows: In front are pilot and radio operator, normally seated back-to-back.

The radio man can dive under the pilot's seat and lie down in a prone bombing position. When working the lower gun the rear-gunner uses his periscope.

Normal bomb-load is about 1,300 lb., but can be increased to 2,200 lb. Four bomb-racks are fitted under the inner wing portions, and in addition there is one in the rear of each engine nacelle, and a bomb-bay with two racks in the fuselage.

★ ★ ★

The actual release of the bomb is not by solenoid magnets, but by electrically fired cartridges! These operate pistons which, in turn, release the bomb-hooks. Miniature "cranes" are fitted inside the dive-bomber to lift bombs into their racks — important when handling 1,000 pounders.

Armament and bomb-load vary according to the job for which the PE-2 is to be used; but a large number of these dive-bombers have four 7.62 mm. machine-guns. Some carry heavier weapons, still on the secret list.

The vital question is: What will the PE-2 do?

Though Stalin's PE-2 bears some external resemblance to a Mosquito, there is one vital difference. The "Mossie" is nearly all-wooden construction. The PE-2 is nearly all-metal.

★ ★ ★

The R.A.F.'s famous Typhoon, which can be used as a dive-bomber, has a most unconventional Sabre engine of "H" formation, but the Russian bomber, which might have been expected to have a startling unconventional engine-room, has two quite normal engines of 1,100 h.p. each, giving it, with full load, a maximum speed of around the 335 m.p.h. mark.

If one engine is shot-up it can cruise on the other at about 180 m.p.h. It lands at about 85 m.p.h., which is much less than some big R.A.F. fighter aircraft.

It can stay in the air, without refuelling, for about three hours, stooging around at about 270 m.p.h., and in that time covers over 900 miles. This might soon make the PE-2 another menace to German cities.

W. J. BENTLEY.

We Need The 1940 S

Says A. G. GARDINER

Perhaps, after nearly five years of strain, it is more difficult than it was in 1940 to ": : : bend up every spirit to his full height!"—but that is the challenge to all of us to-day

THESE are times that try men's souls. We stand on the brink of the greatest adventure in our history. On sea, on land, in the air, our sons and brothers are at the alert, waiting the fateful signal that will plunge them into the furnace.

It is a moment to revive the spirit of 1940 —the spirit of "our finest hour."

Then, as now, invasion was imminent. But it was the invasion of this island that was threatened. In those thrilling days our life hung by a thread. We saved it as by a miracle, and in saving it we saved, not only ourselves, but the liberties of the whole world.

Nothing will dim the glory of that lonely and immortal hour. We survived it by the unconquerable spirit of our people, fused into a single flame of purpose by the inspiration of a great leader.

★ ★ ★

We need that flame now. Once more invasion is the touchstone. Not the invasion of this country by the enemy, but the invasion of the Continent of Europe against the enemy.

The war has swung full circle. The invader has become the invaded. The blitz that was to have destroyed us has turned to smite its authors.

We look back to that desperate summer of 1940 across the tremendous drama of the intervening years—years in which we struggled to gain a foothold in a world that had been given up for lost.

We think of those grim years of 1941-42, when Hitler made Europe a shambles, and his dream of world empire seemed sure of fulfilment.

We recall that marvellous November of 1942, when Stalingrad and El Alamein broke like shafts of light upon the darkness.

The hope that was born then has broadened and deepened into certainty. We have had our setbacks and our disappointments since, but they have been trifles compared with the mighty stream of events that prelude victory.

We have imprisoned the enemy. We have burst into his fortress. We have driven him out of Africa, out of the Mediterranean, out of the Atlantic.

We have won the dominion of the air from him, and have carried the war deep and terrifying into his own land. We have defeated the menace of his U-boat, with which he hoped to starve us into surrender.

We have overwhelmed his ally, robbed him of that ally's army and fleet, and shaken the loyalty of his satellites. As our resources mount, his decline.

★ ★ ★

Most ominous of all is the sensational collapse of his armies in Russia. Untaught by his failure before Moscow, before Stalingrad, before Leningrad, in the Caucasus, Hitler has stupidly clung to positions he could not hold. The flower of his armies is buried in the mud of the steppes.

Now the Red Army, flushed with the passion and stimulus of victory, is hammering at the gates of the Balkans. The back door to the fortress is burst in. And with the Danube valley exposed, the whole strategy of the enemy is torn to ribbons.

The needs of the invading Army must not be ignored

For he can no longer stand pat in the East while he turns to meet the invasion that is impending in his rear and that may burst on him any day, almost any hour.

He is on the horns of the dilemma that the strategy of Teheran prepared for him and that is now disclosed in all its massive power and certainty of timing.

★ ★ ★

But as we await the stroke of the hour, do not let us nurse any illusion. Seaborne invasion is always a gamble. Seaborne invasion on the scale and in the circumstances that face us to-day is an adventure without parallel in history.

We shall not fail as Hitler failed in 1940, for we have the reserve of power to press it home whatever it cost. But the enemy is powerful, too. And this is his last throw in the gamble.

If he loses here he loses all, finally, inexorably. He will fight with the fury, the savagery, the reckless disregard of German life which are his nature.

And upon the spirit in which we fight depend, if not the issue of the war, things only less critical—the price we pay for victory and the time we take for victory.

Nothing that we do must increase the price we shall have to pay in human life, nor delay the hour when this dreadful task is accomplished and Europe is delivered from the hideous tyranny that has imposed the task upon us.

It is for this reason that we ask for the revival in this hour of the great spirit of 1940. We ask it not of the men who will bear the heat and burden of this tremendous ordeal. Soldiers, seamen, airmen—we know that they will not be found wanting.

It is the spirit of the country, of the people who will not be called upon to fight, to whom we appeal. It was these people to whom Mr. Churchill, in his last broadcast, addressed his solemn and moving words:

We shall require from our own people here, from Parliament, from the Press, from all classes, the same cool, strong nerves, the same toughness of fibre which stood us in good stead in those days when we were all alone under the "blitz."

That appeal must be obeyed. It needed to be given. It was not so in 1940. Then we all stood in the immediate presence of death and of things worse than death.

★ ★ ★

By the mercy of God we found a leader equal to the sudden and terrible emergency. His great spirit inspired us in that dark hour. His genius more than any other single factor has brought us where we stand to-day.

When we compare what he has done for this country and for the world with what Hitler has done for Germany and Europe we have reason for feelings which do not easily find words.

Four Men to Defend the

HITLER'S closest friend among the German generals has gone on a hurried tour of the Balkans in a last-minute bid to improve and co-ordinate the complicated German defence system in South-Eastern Europe.

★ ★ ★

He is Colonel-General Wilhelm Jodl. His special appointment is a measure of Hitler's apprehension about the Balkan position—more so even than appears at first glance.

This is the first time in three years that Jodl has left his Fuehrer's side.

As personal military adviser, Jodl has attended all conferences in the so-called Fuehrer H.Q. There is hardly one picture of Hitler at his headquarters in which Jodl does not appear.

Once described as the "German General Staff's watchdog in Hitler's camp," Jodl was since known to have used his influence on behalf of the radical Nazi elements.

Rommel's selection as German anti-invasion chief, the appointment of Himmler's friend Zeitzler as Chief of the German General Staff, are due to his intervention.

But the position of the *Wehrmacht* has become too serious for Jodl to confine himself to backroom intrigues. The time has come when his military theories must be put to the test.

That is why he has now assumed a field command.

Yet all Jodl's previous work in the Balkans has proved a failure.

★ ★ ★

In order to spare the *Wehrmacht* there a military trial of strength with the Allies, he organised the Quisling system of Tsolakoglu, the Greek traitor general, sent S.S. Black Guards to Belgrade, and generally tried to sub
means for military act
With the Russian ar
the Balkan sector of t
ress and the Anglo-A
poised across the narr
one test counts—the
which the Germans mi

★ ★

But Jodl as a soldie
under-estimated.
Just as his appoint
importance attached
Battle of the Balkans
admitted that few bette
been selected to organ
Jodl can count on th
experienced Nazi comm
Colonel-General Ba
succeeded Von Manste
the retreating Ger
Rumania;
Field-Marshal Weic

Spirit

They are feelings which are shared by the overwhelming mass of the people of these islands. We have but to ask ourselves, "Whom would we put in his place?" to have the measure of the man and of his achievement.

But not all of us have the spirit of 1940. Then the spectre of an instant and universal ruin gripped us in a single bond. Then none murmured and all obeyed. Then we were a great people, a great democracy.

* * *

Now, too soon, we think the danger is past. Now thousands of men go out lightheartedly on strikes about trifles, ignoring the needs of the Army that is fighting for their liberty to play the fool, brushing aside Parliament, flouting the advice of their own elected leaders, inaugurating the reign of Anarchy.

Now, too, we see the disports of those who seem more concerned to upset the Government than to defeat Hitler. They coldly ignore the grandeur of our achievements and become frantically indignant about Cos.

They want to disrupt the Coalition, and are more anxious to win a seat from the Government than a battle with Germany.

Mr. Ernest Bevin is always in the wrong because he is fighting Germany.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan is always right because he is crabbing the Government. If and when he enters the Government he will be as sordidly wrong as the rest.

Behind all these discontents is the desire to discredit Mr. Churchill.

It cannot be done openly, for the country is behind him and knows there is no thinkable alternative. But it is done with the ceaseless little jabs and innuendoes of those who,

"Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike."

All this is as mischievous as it is mean. Stop the strikes. Stop the sniping. Stop the intrigues. Stop helping the enemy.

MOMENTOUS DAYS ARE BEFORE US. LET US MEET THEM WITH THE GREATNESS OF SPIRIT AND SINGLENESS OF AIM THAT HAVE MADE 1940 MEMORABLE FOR ALL TIME.

...alkans

...te political

...right inside
...rman Fort-
...can armies
...driatic, only
... total war

...ould not be

...reveals the
...tler to the
...it must be
... could have
...ence.
...uthless and
...s:
...Kleist, who
...command of
... army in

...mander of

the German troops of occupation in the Balkans—Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria—and

Colonel-General Loehr of the *Luftwaffe*, the notorious air terrorist who is now fighting Marshal Tito's army of liberation in the Serb mountains.

Between them, these three men have waged brutal war against the Balkans—and against Russia. Loehr battered Warsaw and Belgrade from the air; Weichs moved into Greece and Albania; Kleist fought in Russia.

Against each of these men grave atrocity charges will be preferred when the war is over.

* * *

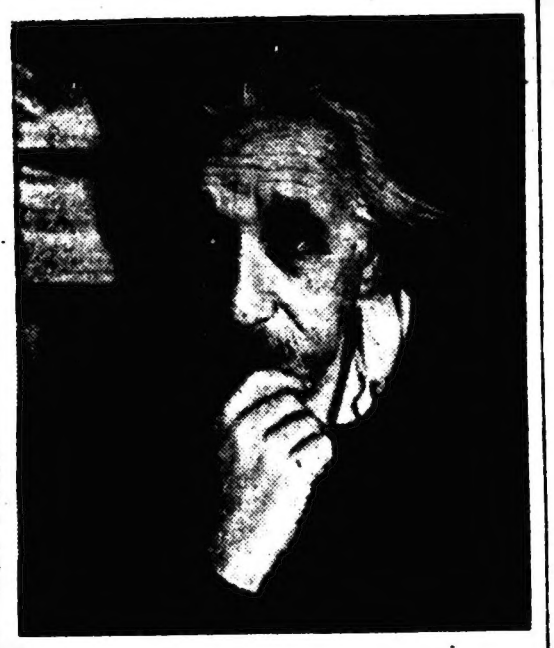
They ought to give us an indication now with by what means they will try to stave off their doom.

And the Battle of the Balkans is a struggle of life and death for Hitler too.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

An Army of Martyrs

By HANNEN SWAFFER



Professor Einstein, great man of science—and a Jew who has enriched the world

NO fewer than 183,431 square miles have been added to the Land of Terror.

Rumania's 74,214, Hungary's 66,409 and Bulgaria's 42,808 square miles are now as fear-ridden as, for eleven years, Germany has been.

In the days of our Munich weakness, Austria and Czechoslovakia went under the Yoke.

In 1940, the Terror spread to Norway and Denmark, and across Holland, Belgium and France. Half the Balkans were paralysed by fear — Albania, Yugoslavia and Greece.

Hitler Means It

Now, except for Switzerland and Sweden, the whole of Europe outside the Soviet system is tortured so that it is one long moan.

And, everywhere, the worst sufferer is the Jew. The others may escape. He is doomed. "I will wipe out every Jew," Hitler has declared. And he means it.

Already, before the Terror spread to all the Balkan countries, no fewer than 3,000,000 Jewish people had been exterminated in the most systematic pogrom in history.

Of the 2,500,000 in Poland when the Nazis went in—another 1,000,000 were in the part occupied by Russia—fewer than a quarter of a million remain. Soon, all will have been wiped out, as part of the Nazi plan.

"We, the Jewish people, have already lost the war."

That was the key-phrase used, a few days ago, by the chairman of a Jewish meeting at which I pleaded that Palestine should be thrown open to the Jewish refugees from a Europe that, for them, is a continent of death.

"Our casualties already number millions."

And that was before Hitler's new bossdom of Rumania and Hungary brought at least another 1,200,000 Jews under the Fear!

For years now, enlightened opinion has been pleading to the British Government to throw open the gates of Palestine to what Jews can be got out.

They have pleaded in the name of our common humanity. They have formed deputations to Whitehall. Protests against the official apathy have been made in Parliament.

Not even yet does Whitehall do half that could be done—this although Winston is known to be sympathetic to the Jewish case.

Left Out

It prevaricates. It dodges the issue.

Indeed, so indifferent apparently is a Britain which was once the land of refuge, the asylum for the persecuted, and, more than that, the land that held high the torch of Liberty, that when the B.B.C. quoted in its German broadcast President Roosevelt's statement warning the satellite countries—that is, Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria—that assistance in anti-Jewish persecution would increase the crime to their debit at the Peace settlement, and aid to the threatened millions would perhaps be regarded as something in their favour, the word "Jew" was omitted! So the speech meant nothing.

Since, Great Britain has associated itself with this settlement. Now, we must broadcast very clear and explicit warnings.

The neutral countries bordering on Eastern Europe could, even now, be urged to open their gates to refugees, and this action could be made easier by providing financial assistance and by giving an example to the neutral countries by permitting further refugees to enter this country and America.

The Jewish community in London is now raising £1,000,000 from its own members in order that the escape of at least a few thousands of the doomed millions can be facilitated, in secret ways.

But I am afraid that, without a more liberal attitude by our Government towards allowing refugees into Palestine, little can be done.

Not long ago, 20,000 to 30,000 Jews escaped from France into Spain and wanted to be allowed to reach Palestine. "Difficulties of shipping" was the excuse.

Two months ago, 800 were allowed to go from North Africa, which they had reached from Spain. But many more could go, and many, many more could be got out from the Land of Terror if only we did something

You must try to understand what is behind all this apathy, delay and equivocation.

Dr. Weizmann, a great chemist, helped us to win the last war by researches that amounted to genius. Balfour offered him a peerage. He refused it, asking instead for something for the Jewish people to whom he belonged.

So Palestine was offered to the Jews as a National home. But it was also offered to the Arabs as a National home. Then the trouble started.

The Jews raised the standard of living for the Arab. But that annoyed the Arabs.

They spread culture. That made the Grand Mufti angry.

Besides, we were in the position that there are millions of Moslems in the British Empire.

Although, directly the war started, every Jew was on our side, if only because of sheer necessity we had to buy Arab help.

No Egyptian soldier fought for the freedom of his own land. Iraq did not join the Allies until all the Germans had been cleared out.

The Jew, being already on our side, had to suffer. He couldn't help himself.

At the outbreak of war, a Jewish army was offered us, one that would have been recruited from many lands. It was turned down. "It would offend the Arabs."

Wavell, when he found himself having to defend Egypt with a very small army, might have had by his side two Jewish divisions which Palestine had offered. But no, "It would offend the Arabs."

New Trick

When it was arranged that only one Jew could join up in Palestine for every Arab, and there were so many more Jewish volunteers than the Arabs who came forward, they had to try a new trick to conceal the fact that the Arab battalions were fewer than the Jewish ones.

Then, when Jewish companies fought their way from Alamein, through Tunisia and Algeria and Sicily, into Italy they were called "Palestinians." So that they can be known as this, a non-existent race has had to be created! They mustn't be called Jews. "It might offend the Arabs."

This sort of thing has been going on since 1936; when 2,000 of the finest brains in the world—great chemists, leading surgeons and physicians and dentists, engineers and organisers of all kinds, all refugees from Germany, and all Jews—tried to find a home. No one would have them.

Any country that had taken them in would have been enriched beyond measure. But no. That would have offended the Gentiles!

One case was that of a Jew who had gone to Palestine and was scraping a living. They wanted, for the defence of the Middle East, an expert on precision instruments needed for anti-aircraft.

When this man came forward, it was discovered that he was, of all men in Europe, the one who was required—Professor Goldberg, the manager of the world-famous Zeiss lens factory.

We rejected, when they were helpless, many men like this.

So I could go on, indicating for pages our attitude towards the worst pogrom in the history of mankind.

It may be true that we can't do much. But we should do what we can.

It may be true that you can't save many. But at least a few can be saved.

Mr. Potter's Cartwheel Cottage

POTTER lived on the Top Road, in a little two-by-four bungalow next to his jobbing builder's yard. The sign with its bawling inscription POTTER, JOBBING BUILDER: REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS was bigger than the bungalow. You had to look twice to see the bungalow. You had to look three times to see the business.

It wasn't much of a game. But then, you couldn't expect it when you spent most of your days sticking new ends on old barns, or building pigsties, or patching up wobbly gates for farmers who never seemed to have a quarter day in their calendars.

There is no doubt that little Potter would have done better in the town, but he was country born and country bred; he liked the country life and the country ways, and he would rather have picked up a shilling where he was than a pound in a busier place.

So he lived in his two-by-four bungalow and ran his two-by-four business, and you'd have said, taking a look at him, that he led a two-by-four life because he was a two-by-four little man.

You'd have been wrong.

A two-by-four life, maybe. Depends how you look at things. But not a two-by-four little man. Not Potter.

A dreamy-looking little man, yes. But you get dreamy-looking when you've got a dream. And little Potter had his dream.

Needs must when the devil drives, and Potter didn't live in the two-by-four bungalow because he liked it. He could have put a match to it more times than once. For, whatever he looked like, he knew what was what.

Sometimes people came to Potter to build bungalows for them, and he tried to persuade them. He sketched out on his drawing-board the sort of bungalows he thought they ought to have; little homes that would have turned the countryside into a paradise. But it was no go.

The people who wanted bungalows built had about as much taste as a polecat, but they had loud voices and they could argue and shout you down. They "knew what they wanted," and in the end they got it, and another eyesore went up because Potter had to live.

But he had his dream.

Down in the Vale, a mile from the top road, was Dyer's House, and on Dyer's House little Potter had had his eye for many a long day. When he thought of what he could do to Dyer's House he very nearly *did* put a match to the two-by-four bungalow.

You'd have said it was just a shack, dropping to bits. It stood on a bump in the earth, like a toy ship on the top of a wave, looking down on its little orchard where the lane twisted round it, up to it and down away from it. You couldn't have found a better position if you'd looked for a year; but still you'd have said the place itself was just a shack.

But little Potter looked through more than his eyes.

His dream was that one day he would be able to afford to buy Dyer's House and turn it into the little palace he knew it could be.

You would not have taken out your camera to waste an exposure on the place, but he could see the day when artists would set up their canvases before it and sit and paint till the last purple light went out of the Vale to linger on the trees by the Top Road.

Yes, little Potter could *see*. . . .

It was his favourite walk, indeed almost his only walk; to turn off the Top Road with its scattered eyesores and go down, down, down into shady Vale, until right at the bottom he could pull up and rest on the little footbridge across the watersplash and fill his pipe and stare up at Dyer's House where it stood above the twist of the lane.

"Regular little palace," he said again and again and again. "Given the chance. . . ."

That was the snag. When you spent your life patching up the ends of bankrupt farmers' barns not much in the shape of a chance ever came your way.

Chance. . . .

WELL, at any rate, he had his dream, and when there was little for him to do at his jobbing builder's yard (which was most times) he could be as happy as a lark down the Vale, gazing at Dyer's House, in fancy sticking a bit on there, taking a bit off there, and turning it into a regular little palace.

Or a castle in the air, as you might say, if you're a pessimist.

And sometimes, to take the gilt off the gingerbread, thinking about his overdraft, and reckoning up whether it would be six hundred years or seven hundred years, before he could afford to buy his little palace and move out for ever from his two-by-four bungalow on the Top Road.

Chance. How everything in life did depend on chance! And how could the chance ever come his way to show what he could do with a shack such as Dyer's House was now?

It wasn't even empty, much less for sale. And old Dubbin, the farm labourer who lived in it, was certain to live to be a hundred and ten.

And then, suddenly, old Dubbin died.

What (they asked themselves) do you want with an old cartwheel when you begin to renovate a tumble-down cottage?

The board went up at the back gate: FOR SALE.

The chance came.

The cottagers round about thought that little Potter was mad when he started in on the alterations to Dyer's House, partly from the look in his eye and partly from what he trundled down the twisty lane one fine morning.

What (they asked themselves) do you want with an old cartwheel when you begin to renovate a tumble-down cottage?

"How long do you aim to be?" they asked him.

"Six weeks," he said briskly.

"Six weeks? 'Taint long?"

"Six weeks to the day. Finished on the first of July," was what little Potter told them.

Then they tried to get round to the point.

"What be cartwheel for?"

But Potter only smiled.

"Ah!" he said.

"Cartwheel's no good in a cottage."

"Ah!"

And Potter smiled again.

More junk began to arrive. Doors which looked as if they had been taken out of derelict chapels—as indeed they had—and odds and ends which the cottagers round about would have chucked away.

"Thought he was going to improve it," they said. "He bain't got a new stick to the place. All old wreckage."

But Potter, hearing them, only smiled.

There was an old dead tree in front of the door, struck by lightning these ten years ago.

"That'll come down, o' course," said the cottagers.

But it didn't. And they all gasped together when he got a ladder and cut the top off, leaving a good 10 ft. above ground.

"Mazed!" they said.

To show them he wasn't mazed, he nailed a platform on the dead stump and built a dove-cot on the platform. and the old boy who was thatching the house for him thatched the dove-cot.

Potter then took out the few large windows and put in many small ones, with twisty little shutters to each. The flat front door went and a pointed one out of a derelict chapel, a door with great iron hinges, took its place.

The inside was easy, mostly stripping. A lot of lime and dust came out, but it was soon carted away.

"'Tain't costin' ye much," said one of the cottagers to Potter.

"Been saving most of the bits and pieces up for years," said Potter. "Then I'm doing most of it myself—and six weeks to go. No, it isn't in your pocket you want it; it's in the head."

Which the cottager didn't seem to understand.

When the thatcher had about finished on top, Potter had about finished inside and out, except for a round hole which he knocked out of the end wall on the lane.

The cottagers gaped. What for did you want a round hole in a wall? 'Twarn't sense.

But it was.

Into the round hole went the cartwheel. And between the spokes went glass. And there before your eyes was the most unusual window you'd ever seen.

"Well!" exclaimed the villagers.

And then—as if giving them something for their money—Potter took a lot of iron nails and drove them into the top bar of the gate in the form of letters, and the letters made the words CARTWHEEL COTTAGE.

"Well ! ! !" exclaimed the villagers.

HUMAN MACHINE

Never Be Afraid of Ideas

● Readers of this little feature must often have said to themselves: "The man's mad. Ideas! Ideas! Ideas! Thinking! Learning! to think! Using your brains! Always the same thing."

Well, the man isn't mad.

If there's anything greater in the world than an idea, you tell me what it is. What is the difference between one man and another—the real difference? Is it anything except that one man can use his brains better and more quickly and more efficiently than another?

See "Desert Victory" and watch for yourself how General Montgomery out-thought and "out-idea-d" Rommel. Watch "Tunisian Victory," and see how General Alexander did just the same thing to Von Arnim.

Ideas and Thoughts—then Action. That's the way of it. There's no other.

You're still sceptical? Take the idea of Immortality—the greatest idea the world has ever had. Even if it isn't true, it still marks the very highest peak to which human thought has ever attained.

Never be afraid of ideas. The man with a new idea is King of the World.

Short Story By Will Scott

The thatcher and the litter went. otter washed the outside of the cottage eam and painted the windows and eir shutters a bright green and the ont door a sober navy blue with white nges.

And near the end of June a man pass- by gave a start of surprise and went ay quickly. When he came back, he d an easel which he set up in the dge of one of the cottagers' (doing e hedge no good); after which he pro- eded to paint a picture of Cartwheel ottage.

And other men got off bikes and pulled meras from their pockets.

ND a dreamy man came from an architectural paper and talked for an hour with Potter and wanted have the plans for his paper.

"Haven't got any plans," said Potter. It was all in my head. Been in my ead for years. I've had dreams about night after night."

"Remarkable!" said the dreamy an. "It's a perfect little palace."

"That," said Potter, "has always been e idea."

On the first of July the cottage was nished, just as Potter had said it ould be, and the wallflowers in their ockets on the old stone wall came out flower, as if they were putting ban- rs up in celebration.

Even the near-by cottagers had to nod eir heads and admit it was something look at.

"It be a fair sight," they conceded. Never thought the old junk could look e that. Why, we was only sayin', the y you bought the place . . ."

"Day I what?" said Potter. "I didn't y it. It isn't mine. I've only done the pairs. A Mr. Wilkinson bought it. A ndon gentleman. He's coming down -morrow."

And down Mr. Wilkinson came. And ounded Mr. Wilkinson was.

"It's a perfect little palace!" he said. And he was so pleased with the job tle Potter had made of it that he gave n an extra £25 over and above the timate.

Which, you'd have thought, would ve given Potter something to grin out as he pushed his bike up the hill the Top Road on his way back to the o-by-four bungalow.

But, strangely, Potter wasn't grinning. He hasn't really grinned ever since. He hasn't got anything to dream out.

Faith Can Be Renewed

OMEHOW we lose our first fine faith,
not wholesale nor altogether, but
more like a shadow on a lovely day,
a frayed strand in hope's gold tether.
e winds of chance blow an ugly doubt
ross an anxious hour, and disappoint-
nts fall like rain spoiling life's gayest
ucer.

Somehow we lose the soul-stirring
ill and first flush of bright begin-
gs, we become more sceptical and
rd and are inclined but to count life's
nings. Until we find our heart is
pped of its ideal spangled splendour,
in our mind lie the husks of dreams
ty with drab surrender.

OMEHOW we lose so much, and scarce
heed the signs of constant losing.
e's blows fall oft and fast and most
perience proves confusing. But
ugh no road lies back to youth and
rich threshold treasure, we can re-
our faith, and by our faith God
es our measure.

J. M.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

How They Fleece the Services

I GIVE an urgent warning to men and women of the Services—and their relatives.

If they heed it, they may well save themselves from being tricked and defrauded.

Nearly twenty five years ago JOHN BULL issued a similar warning. Hundreds of ex-Servicemen returning to civil life were prevented from losing their money on the strength of dazzling announcements about lucrative and lasting jobs.

OBVIOUS PITFALLS

An advertisement recently appeared for a partner with capital to spare. It stressed the fact that the chances of profits were extraordinary. They were!

The advertiser wrote applicants a letter notable for its lies. I have drawn the attention of the police to the matter because he is after not one partner, but several.

And well might the partners be of the wary type.

For I've discovered that the man who wants their money is a rogue who has been several times to prison, and has been described by at least one judge as a "worthless scoundrel."

In order not to interfere with police investigations I have been asked not to mention his name at this stage. But his case shows the obvious pitfalls which await ex-Servicemen and others who take too much for granted in the hurry and need of getting a good job.

I was exceptionally interested recently in the case of Joseph Henry Blythe, who has been conducting a widespread business from Gordon House, Carrington Street, Nottingham.

In my records I have a dossier about his career that is nearly eight inches thick.

He traded at Nottingham as a company promoter, as an estate agent, and in other directions.

For the most part, Joseph Henry Blythe was involved in the promotion of several "mushroom" colliery companies.

He took money from men and women for shares in some of these companies that were not worth the paper they were written on.

Blythe, inveterate liar and accomplished schemer, who lived luxuriously in a mansion a few miles from Nottingham, specialised in robbing people of modest means.

People are the poorer by the loss of nearly £3,000.

In one instance sums were paid to Blythe for investment in a certain company. Blythe blithely kept the money instead of handing it over.

Unfortunately Blythe's victims were mostly people who could ill afford to lose their money but were solidly taken in by his astonishing stories and confident manner.

I remember him when, before the war, he was managing director of the Vulcan Accumulators, Ltd.

FALSE CLAIMS

He did the same sort of thing in this business—took large sums of money from workless men in return for directorships or jobs. JOHN BULL turned the limelight on him and many poor people came to our offices to see me.

They had paid £300 or so in the belief that Blythe was a successful engineer. But they soon found that his claims were false and his business not much more than a myth.

But most of his co-directors were dupes and they came as a band to me to demand an explanation of my attack. So great was their faith in Blythe that JOHN BULL *must* be wrong!

Every Serviceman is thinking of the time when he'll be seeking a job—and crooks are preparing to exploit him

It was painful to have to disillusion them with masses of documentary evidence.

Then the police came.

Though Blythe instructed a solicitor to threaten proceedings against JOHN BULL for alleged libel, we told him to carry on.

Before he was arrested in 1939 on a charge of fraudulent conversion, he resumed business in an assumed name and sought victims anew. More money went into his pocket before we were able to check him.

After a trial at the Old Bailey in which a stream of swindled people gave evidence, he was jailed for two years.

Now he is in a cell again. A few days ago, at Nottingham Assizes, he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude for swindles similar to those of the past.

His conviction will not be an isolated one.

So growing are these cruel "mythical job frauds" that several Scotland Yard inspectors are at present inquiring into more than a dozen recent cases.

In one, which will be heard in the courts very soon, something like £20,000—in small sums—is involved.

In another, which also concerns a large total amount, the principal promoter is a jailbird with numerous convictions who started his "job finding" scheme almost as soon as he left prison.

So, remember—

Don't pay any money for a job, however attractive it may appear. Any reputable concern is quite satisfied with a fidelity bond. When actual £.s.d. is demanded, make the most probing inquiries

Some advertisers for capital in return for employment are, of course, quite genuine, and would not for one moment object to reasonable inquiries.

The JOHN BULL Advice Bureau is always at your service, and I am only too willing to help whenever I can

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

An Home Counties reader, who for reasons I appreciate wishes to remain anonymous, receives this week's £1 1s. award for interesting information.

Information of any suspected scandal or ramp will be investigated. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GOOD BUSINESS THAT CAUSES WORRY

TENANTS of certain small house properties in the London area have had their sense of security disturbed by a letter from Mastercraft Homesteads, Ltd., of Ideal House, 61, South Street, Epsom, Surrey.

This firm writes to them on behalf of "our clients, your landlords."

It asks whether they have considered the advantages of buying the houses they occupy so that "the present and future housing problems cannot affect you."

Actually, tenants of such properties have no reason to feel insecure.

★ ★ ★

It goes on to say:

"Not a day passes without we receive many inquiries from people anxious to buy even at high prices, and knowing full well that it is *improbable* that they could obtain possession until after the war, and many tenanted properties have already been sold on this understanding."

Far from being "improbable," we would say that, under ordinary circumstances, it would be *impossible* for people who buy a house to get the tenants out to get possession while the war is on.

They will probably be finding it extremely difficult to get possession very many years after the war is over.

Indeed, if there are people foolish enough to believe that they have only to buy a house to uproot the existing tenants as soon as the war ends they are in for a well-deserved disappointment.

Next, the letter makes its offer.

Tenants are to have the first opportunity to buy, and at prices substantially below vacant possession value.

Anyone who has ever compared the value of a house with possession with the value of a house without possession won't be surprised at that.

Finally, each tenant is asked to return a form on which he states whether or not he is interested in the offer of sale on easy terms suited to his pocket, and what total cash deposit he is able to pay.

If he is not interested, he is invited to say so in the following form:

"I am not interested in the proposal to purchase BUT AM WILLING TO ALLOW PROSPECTIVE PURCHASERS TO VIEW THIS PROPERTY AT THE TIMES STATED BELOW."

After which there follow three spaces in which he is asked to give the times at which he can open his doors to prospective purchasers of his home.

★ ★ ★

It is, of course, quite normal practice in selling a house to stress the advantages which would accrue to a purchaser in buying that house.

But we feel, as we have always felt, that tenants everywhere should be fully aware of the very considerable protection which the law confers on them, and the determination of county court judges and registrars to see that they have that protection.

Ancient Riddles That Still Haunt Us

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

Christians must believe that suffering is part of the aniverse

WHAT would happen if an irresistible force came against an immovable body? It is a favourite catch-question of schoolmasters, and cannot be answered because it ought not to be asked. If the force is irresistible, the body cannot be immovable; if the body is immovable, the force is not irresistible!

I was reminded of it by a letter dealing with the oldest problem in the world—the mystery of suffering in a world which the Creator pronounced to be very good.

"I don't pretend to be religious," says the reader, **"but I often think about religious questions and listen to wireless discussions. The thing that puzzles me is how one can reconcile belief in a loving God with the terrible amount of suffering that exists in the world to-day.**

"I don't mean the atrocities committed in war time, but the pain caused to innocent people—even young children—by horrible diseases for which they are not responsible. I have seen so much that it undermines one's faith in Providence.

"The explanations given in sermons that suffering has a purifying influence do not convince me at all. I should like to know whether you, or any other readers, can throw any light on this miserable subject."

The trouble is that people regard the mystery as a dilemma (like the irresistible force and the immoyable body) and imagine that the two ideas rule each other out.

The old-fashioned atheist solved it by refusing to believe in an all-merciful God. On the other hand, Mrs. Eddy solved it by refusing to admit the reality of suffering.

The mystery cannot be cleared up so easily.

Millions of people believe in an all-merciful God and also in the existence of suffering. Call it a paradox, if you like. But if unmerited suffering disproved the existence of Providence, then the one thing which no Christian would dare to think about would be the Cross.

Yet what has happened? The Cross is the very central symbol of the faith. It forms the ground plan of churches and cathedrals, and is worn as a precious ornament.

Obviously the two ideas must be taken together: Christians must believe that suffering is part of the universe.

A pagan god would be indifferent to the agonies of mankind. The conception of a God who suffers the anguish of his creatures is surely the essence of the Christian religion.

That is the whole significance of Passion Week and the supreme importance of Good Friday.

Another reader wants to know if I can tell him why God allows human wickedness to exist.

"We are taught in Sunday school and in Church that God is all-wise, all-powerful, and all-merciful," he writes, **"yet the amount of wickedness in the world is beyond all measuring. The Creator cannot be indifferent to it but it not only goes on but seems to get worse.**

"There have been hundreds of wars in the past, but our own generation has brought totalitarian war which slays by the million. Non-combatants, including women and children, are victims.

"Why should the wickedness of one man, or one group of men, be allowed to destroy millions of fellow-subjects?"

I suggest to the reader that he should try to imagine living in a world where every man, woman and child was a saint from birth to death, where wickedness would be impossible because every human action would be regimented.

Would he want to live in a world where everyone was an automatic machine? Would such "goodness" be worth having?

The alternative is to allow human beings free will and all that it implies

This alternative is ours, and a sad mess we have made of it—so far. For all the havoc of wars men alone must bear the responsibility. It is our doing: if we do not plan better in future it will be our undoing.

I have sufficient faith in human nature to believe that we shall save ourselves, and I believe that the greatest crisis in human destiny is in our own age—here and now.

ONE soldier has written about a dozen problems that worry him, but there is space only for one or two extracts.

"Why do people go to war?" he asks. **"Is there any man on earth who has the right to demand the lives of other men?**

"I live in the hope that some day all the nations of the world will be at peace and that they will learn from years of suffering that they must never again allow a few men in power to spoil it.

"This must apply to all nations, large or small, for it is always the common people who suffer, and they alone can stop it. I should like to end with something which John Wycliffe wrote many years ago: 'Good people, affairs can only go well in England when there are neither serf nor slave and when all shall be equal.'

"I'm sure he was right. Are you, Humanist?"

Wycliffe's ideal was for democratic government. We have not got it yet, but we are moving in that direction. World peace, however, can never be secure until the desire is international.

Until that day dawns, peace-loving nations will have to stamp out aggression wherever it appears—whether in some foreign land or within our own shores.

VOICE OF THE TR

The gunners blast a way for the advancing infantry

DETAILED reports of the work of the artillery seldom reach us. Here is a "close-up" of the gunner at work, projected in a letter from Gnr. H. G. Lee, C.M.F., to a relative at Falstaff Crescent, Sheffield:

It is 10 p.m., and all the gunners are waiting for the "ammo"; 800 rounds per gun, and we shall have a busy job carting the ammunition to where it is wanted.

Our position is under observation and fire by the enemy during the day, so all work must be done at night.

The sergeant in charge bawls out: "Fall in, the ammunition party! Let's get stuck into it, lads."

Yes, a good night's work. To-day our infantry is moving forward, preliminary to attack, and the guns must blast a way for them through the enemy strongpoints in the distance.

So, while the P.B.I. plods on, we are busy. The "eyes" of our battery—one officer and three signallers, not forgetting the six porters (human mules) who carry wireless sets, telephones and other miscellaneous items of gear—take up their grim and dangerous job. Our effectiveness depends on them.

Meanwhile, the command posts of all the artillery engaged are buzzing with activity. Fresh targets, enemy positions, report of vital points to be shelled, are continually coming in as a result of aerial observation.

This is the day that "Jerry" is going to "take it." The fire plan is read the ranges and positions worked o and we spend the remaining few hou checking ammunition and digging trenches—just in case "Jerry" hits ba at us.

Now there are only thirty minutes go! The gunners take up their po tions. Time drags by. Suddenly officer shouts through his megaphon "One minute to go—thirty seconds twenty—ten—FIRE!"

So the attack begins. The sky rev berates with the bombardment, earth seems to shudder.

Seven hundred guns are firing, a the din is so hellish that it seems as the devil himself has come down to ea for a visit.

We are sending over seventy-ei rounds a gun to soften up the ene lines. Multiply that by seven hund and you realise that "Jerry" is "tak it." Then the infantry goes forward and we gunners have done our part the job.

It's Odious

Here's consolation for the British soldier! Gnr. G. A. Edwards tells his mother at Hotham Square, Beverley, Yorks, about Italian pay:

No two Italian soldiers seem to w exactly the same uniform, for ev man has his own ideas about regimen dress—and gaudy ideas at that.

Readers' Views in a Sentence

Troop movements are known to me days in advance, thanks to gossiping soldiers. Talkative workmen reveal places where invasion plans are in full swing. This careless talk is a menace.—"W. D.," Essex.

* * *

When a child is ill in the village, the doctor arrives on foot or on a bike. If a pig is ill, up comes a Ministry official in a big car.—Fred French, Duston, Northampton.

* * *

Kill that Squander Bug by all means! Yet the Board of Trade licenses the importation by air from Switzerland of watches for civilian sale from £16 upwards.—R. Lock, Exmouth, Devon.

* * *

The Essential Work Order chains the black-coated worker to his office desk, but imposes no obligation on the employer to pay him a "living" wage.—E. Sanders, Harefield, Middlesex.

* * *

If stores would only sell pyjama (men's) coats and trousers separately, there would be a big saving in money and coupons. Invariably the trous wear out first, while the coat rema intact.—"Wife," Liss, Hants.

* * *

Much of the coal shortage is due lack of transport. The coal is produc what is needed is railway waggons cart it away.—"Old Miner," St. Hele Lancs.

* * *

We are all anxious to stay at sch until we are sixteen or more, but w is to pay our parents for our keep fr the age of fourteen upwards?—"Sch boy," Enfield, Middlesex.

* * *

Since there is a famine in liv accommodation, why not convert thousands of empty shops to be fou in every town into flats and let them an economic rent?—"J. H.," Bolton.

* * *

It is annoying to wait in a long qu to find that large quantities of food "short supply" have been reserved "telephone orders." Those who h waited get nothing.—Mrs. Christ Lancing, Sussex.

TROOPS

Our pay is nothing to boast about, but theirs is ridiculously low. A full corporal gets 5 lira (3d.) a day, while I as a mere gunner get about 30 lira a day. Makes us feel as if we are in the millionaire class—until we go to buy something!

What impresses me is the vanity of these Italians. Mussolini's success must have been largely due to his flattery of them. They were always glad to shout "Viva" to anyone who would dress them up in fancy uniforms, and let them parade and strut about like peacocks. Perhaps they have now learned something!

Home From Home

Hospitality given to R.A.F. men in Winnipeg, Canada, impresses L.A.C. G. Ford, R.A.F., who writes to his mother at Ashley Crescent, Keyworth, Nottingham:

We had the time of our lives while on leave.. We were received in private houses as if we were members of the family. Meals and rooms were of the best and did not cost us a cent.

We were taken to all the shows, including a first rate ice hockey match. A great town this Winnipeg—and fine people!

Any Old Stockings?

If duty in some parts of India prove a little dull for men in the R.A.F., there is always the possibility of an earthquake or a flood to liven things up. Pilot-Officer J. D. O'Leary writes to a friend at Church Lane, Mansfield, Notts:

Life here goes on very much as usual, except when an earth tremor, or, in plain English, an earthquake shakes things up.

Last night I woke up to find my bed swaying about as if it were a tree-top in a gale.

When the shaking stopped we found that very little damage was done. As our sleeping quarters are perched on the top of a hill with sharp precipices on either side, we were a little apprehensive about future developments! But nothing else happened and we went back to sleep again.

By the way, my old helmet vanished recently, and now I'm looking for an old silk stocking to put in my new one, just for luck! Can you oblige, please?

Communal Washing

L/Cpl. B. Beard, R.A., tells his wife at Collinge Street, Oldham, Lancs, about Damascus:

We went to "The Mosque of a Hundred Domes" and saw the faithful in the courtyard using a large tank, for those who wish to enter the Mosque must first wash hands, face and feet.

As we stood there, people washed their plates and dishes, cleaned their teeth, and some drank out of the same tank. Not my idea of hygiene!

From there to "The Street called Straight" and to the Omega Mosque—where the courtyard stones have been polished by the bare feet of the faithful walking to services held there for the last 700 years.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned: 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

WHILE THE SEAS ENDURE—5

Looking for Trouble

By Frank S. Stuart

NOT all the deeds of merchant seaman heroism happen far out on blue water.

For cold-blooded courage in tackling a task that might have terrified the toughest sailor who ever trod a deck, few deeds can surpass that of Kenneth Desmond Fisher, Chief Officer on a big cargo-boat, whose build and speed have caused her to be chosen for some of the nastiest cargoes of this war.

The ship had docked, and had been unloaded of one such cargo. It was extremely dangerous stuff, and there was not a man aboard who did not heave a sigh of relief to know that it was gone.

But the last word had not yet been said; there was something badly wrong with the ship. She was infected with deadly fumes.

In peace time this would have been a job for chemical experts, armed with special detection equipment and protective masks and clothing of peculiar design.

In war time, things are not done that way.

The ship had to be turned round in the usual number of days.

So one of the officers undertook the examination himself to see if he could trace out the source of the trouble. A big merchant ship is rather more roomy than most landsmen imagine. An ordinary house could be packed aboard inside the hull more or less unnoticed.

Gallant Landsmen

The officer went methodically to and fro, up and down ladders, searching holds and bulkheads and passages and cabins. There was no doubt that the trouble was active; but where?

Presently he decided to have a close look at a trunkway air chute, a compartment about 2 ft. square, extending from top to bottom of the ship. Before he had spent many minutes examining this chute, he knew he had come on the source of the gas.

There was no other way to tackle it except to climb down inside the chute. If you think of getting yourself inside a 2-ft. square tube 100 ft. long, and climbing down it without any proper foot- or hand-holds, you will, perhaps, feel a qualm of claustrophobia. If you add the fact that it was seeping off a poisonous and choking odour, you will probably be glad that you are in your armchair instead.

But these things are the daily business of the sea.

Very carefully, the officer scrambled and slithered down the chute, looking for the source of the fumes. He felt his head grow heavy and dizzy, and decided, too late, to try to reascend the shaft.

Then he collapsed, and fell crashing down the chute to the bottom, where he was still held upright but drooping by the narrowness of the tube.

Two shore carpenters, doing a job on the deck far above, heard his body fall. They stopped, dropped their tools, and ran to look. They could see nothing in the narrow blackness. They yelled, separately and together, and their voices came mockingly back as iron echoes.

They did not suspect gas in the chute, for they were shore men, and these troubles are not talked about ashore.

None the less, what they tried to do was splendidly gallant.

They did not know anything about the chute, or what peril it was that had tumbled the seaman to the bottom of it, but unhesitatingly they squeezed and shoved themselves into it, meaning to climb down and fetch up the injured man.

When they were down some distance, the man underneath shouted something undistinguishable. His companion yelled an inquiry.

"I can't breathe!" came the muffled shout in the darkness.

And incontinently he, too, collapsed, and fell thuddering down the chute to the bottom. The other carpenter realised his danger. His throat seemed to close. His hands, scrabbling at the inside of the tube of death, sweated in the black and muffling atmosphere.

For a long time—ages it seemed to him—he was climbing like a man in a nightmare up a frightfully narrow, dark place that had no end. He thought that he must have gone off into some side channel and be climbing all over the ship.

And then his head appeared in daylight and he was out, sobbing with bursting lungs. . . . Two men, perhaps both dead, both collapsed, but one standing on the head of the other at the bottom of that horrible tube, smothered over with lethal gas.

The news was brought to First Officer Fisher.

Without the slightest hesitation, he started to climb down the chute.

The worst of it was the loneliness. When men fight a fire on deck, or get boats away from a sinking ship, others are with them, the sky is over them. This was like some awful trap that held one fainting man above two others it had perhaps already killed.

He went down and down. The chute seemed to have no end.

At last his feet touched something. Something slumped and soft. A man's head and shoulders.

Dockers like these went to the rescue of a ship's officer

The gas was terribly bad.

"You there—can you help yourself? If I pass you a rope . . ?"

His voice, unnatural and boxed and dulled, died on his lips. There was no answer: no movement under his feet from that flabby mass.

How to turn in the chute so as to get the ropes under the unconscious men. Or were they dead?

Feeling in the dark, Fisher passed a rope's end down and under, wriggled it about, felt for it coming back—gripped it. Now a knot. A good knot—one that would hold in the desperate tug to get this man up into the air again.

And now the other.

Both made fast. And now to climb the chute.

Easy enough to come down it; but going up meant cracking pain and strain on shoulders and arms and legs, blundering knocks in the darkness, searing rubs against the iron sides, struggling gasps for breath that was fouled and bittered and clogged.

George Medal

At last Kenneth Fisher emerged on deck—and collapsed.

Rescuers bent over him.

Other men were hauling on the rope, easing and twisting and pulling up the two who had fallen down the tube of death. They got them up. One was too near death to save; the other recovered completely.

Fisher received the George Medal. Because of him, a man came back from the dead; and the story of that deed of his will be told in taverns and seamen's places while the seas endure.

Sweated Labour—this Honesty Business!

I'VE a good mind to go in for dishonesty as a business.

I'd been turning it over in my head for a few years, but being of a lazy disposition I'd kept putting it off. We all have a tendency to amble on from day to day without facing things. "To-morrow will do."

★ ★ ★

In that spirit I've gone on being honest. I don't boast about it. It's been a sign of weakness.

I suppose it's the way I was brought up. When you're young and too silly to think things out for yourself they pump pretty sayings into you and they stick to you for life, or until something happens and you wake up.

This outburst of generosity down at Bath has given me a jolt. Did you see it in the paper?

"Wife of a Bath working-man, who found £1,500 worth of bonds in the street, has received 10s. for her honesty."

I'd never translated honesty into figures before.

But now I find it works out at less than a penny for each ten quidsworth of honesty.

It's silly, isn't it? If that's the rate of pay, how *can* honesty be the best policy?

Honest people must be very slow or they'd have tried to work these figures out before now.

When the nasty truth dawns on them it wouldn't surprise me if we had a strike. I mean, if you're going to be honest you've a right to a living wage, haven't you?

★ ★ ★

And then look at the cost of living. It costs a lot more to be honest now than it did in 1900. You see if they don't strike for at least an even penny in each £10. Less than a penny is simply ridiculous.

But even if the honest people found a trade union and get themselves recognised by the Government I think I shall leave them.

At the figures quoted honesty is just a blind-alley job. It's sweated labour.—A. G.

In the interests of National Health

always wash his hands before meals with

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

1 tablet – 1 coupon

★

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

WHO MAKES IT?

S·D·I

S.D. is not the terse trade mark of some unknown manufacturer: it is the war-time signature of the Soft Drinks Industry. The essential ingredients of all soft drinks sold under the S.D.I. label are specified by the Ministry of Food. And thanks to an efficient system of zoning, adequate supplies are reaching the shops and hundreds of thousands of tons of transport are saved yearly . . .

. . . SO DOES IT REALLY MATTER?

The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association, Ltd. 072-11

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets, 9 for 7d., 36 for 1/11

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit

LAST LAUGH

F. M. (Hull).—"Don't the first green shoots of daffodil leaves coming through the ground give you a pleasant thrill?" Not if we fondly imagined that we had planted onions.

S. N. (Colchester).—"Crooners, like everybody else, are liable for income-tax." Under the pay-as-you-yearn system.

A. N. (Barnes). —"The butcher's boy brought me my meagre meat ration." Apparently local arrangements had broken down. Usually the meat is delivered by the baker and the butcher's boy drives the laundry van.

D. E. (Wembley).—"Franco is over-cautious." He is still undecided as to the wisdom of plunging his country into neutrality.

H. L. (London, W.).—"Brighton is tied up with the historical fabric of this country." Hove, too?

H. M. (Margate).—"The end of hostilities will mean the beginning of changes." When the customer scathingly reminds the shopkeeper that there's a peace on.

F. H. (Rye).—"Few men are really good-tempered before breakfast." One reason is that, nowadays, few razor-blades are, either.

L. P. (Birmingham).—"What does Bulgaria expect to get out of the war?" A more pressing problem for Bulgarians at the moment is when.

E. B. (Guildford).—"Castanets were played at a Spanish wedding in London." Similar sounds are often heard at British weddings, but they generally emanate from the knees of a nervous bridegroom.

TOM (Swindon).—"Since I have been earning good wages my wife is continually asking me for money. How can I stop her at it?" Try giving her some.

SCHOOLBOY (Liphook).—"I am only fourteen, but do you know what I shall be when the war is over?" Not more than fifteen, we hope.

F. B. (St. Albans).—"When I hitch up my trousers, part of my bare leg is disclosed above the Utility socks." We can only suggest taller spats.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Come to think of it, I don't s'pose they sells many copies o' 'Keep the 'Ome Fires Burnin',' in Germany these days!"

Side-Slips

DORSET DAILY ECHO:—"... where he had a 1,000-acre ARM."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"Ordering their parents to pay £3 each and advising them to CAKE the boys repay. . . ."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH:—"The new Red Army offensives in North-West Russia were LUNCHED several days ago. . . ."

FIFESHIRE ADVERTISER:—"On leaving the church the bride was presented with a lucky horseshoe by her little two-year-old PIECE."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Britain has had good service from Samuel Fisher, of Malden Road, Norton-on-Tees, Co. Durham.

He fought in France in the last war. For some years afterwards he did his bit in the Territorials.

And when men were wanted to help round-up the mad dog Hitler, Samuel Fisher reappeared in uniform again.

He has a boy in the Royal Navy and another, aged twenty-two, following in his father's Army footsteps in India.

But Samuel himself is in mufti again now. The old chest has beaten him in the end. Bronchial trouble, say the doctors. He has had to discard his uniform as a sergeant-instructor.

Which means—until he knows what is going to happen to his claim for a pension—that he now has a new kind of fighting to do.

For he gets no allowance in regard to the two boys in uniform. Nothing, as yet, in respect of his own invaluable service—and, indeed, may never get anything.

Which means that he, and the wife, and the twins aged fifteen, have to live on what is left of a total income of £2 16s. a week after 16s. 6d. rent and 1s. 4d. insurance has been paid.

Add to which another baby is expected, with all the expenses involved—to become another charge on that diminutive income.

Samuel Fisher's plight is not an unusual one. Will you help us to help him and others like him who are getting so much less from life than they deserve?

What we do is to pool all donations and allocate the money equitably among all the deserving cases on our books.

Please send a donation to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." We'll gladly send an acknowledgment if you give name and address, although we are just as grateful for anonymous donations. We are happy to shoulder all administrative costs ourselves.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

£100 plus Radio—"Bullets" 1,418

Mrs. M. Jones, 65, Shrewsbury Rd., Market Drayton, Salop, for this "Bullet":—

IN NEED OF CROSS MORE TO-DAY, "CRUCIFIED" WORLD.

£10: W. Bellenie, 25, Pilgrim St., Sunderland. Warning To Satellites—"Leave," Or "Take It"!

£5: Mrs. D. Rodwell, 84, Saltersgill Ave., Middlesbrough. Dad's Got A Stripe, So—Greatest "Promoted" To Hall!

£4: Mrs. W. L. Powdrill, 2, Lodge St., Accrington. Smiling The Hun—Making Savings "Rocket."

£3: Co. Sgt.-Major Edwards, H.M., Somewhere-in-Britain. Walking Breathlessly—Tommies—Frosts To Wall.

£2: L. Greyson, 16, Eastern Ave., Pilegate, Stanmore. Sonny's Rabbit—Captured Cup—Escaped Pot!

OVER £300 CASH NEXT WEEK

6 Prizes of £2: J. Edmondson, 22, Church St., Maryport, Cumb. In Need Of Dad's—"Medicine," Sonny—"Dirty Tongue." L. W. Jarvis, 203, Odeon Rd., Forest Gate, E.7. Dad's Got A Stripe, So—"Carried Away"—Carried Home! G. W. Meale, 34, Malvern Rd., Billingham, Co. Durham. Farmer Of To-day—At Dusk, At Desk. Mrs. C. Reid, 3, Garthdee Tce., Aberdeen. Dad's Got A Stripe, So—Feels "Mighty Like Monty." J. Speakman, 2, Priory St., Warrington. Smiling The Hun—Round Clock—Compass—Barometer? T. Thompson, 16, Sparkmill Tce., Beverley. Farmer Of To-day—Keeping "Goats"—In Whitehall! A list of 50 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 390 PRIZES

WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 160

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order E—F—B—C entered by (among 11 competitors who thus share £75): H. Bailey, Brighton; J. W. Bradley, Huthwaite; E. Buckley, Blackpool; Mrs. E. A. Davies, Portsmouth-vaughan; J. Hughes, Portmadoc; C. Lewis, Blackpool; Mrs. Lesmore, Tilbury; S. McVay, Keighley; M. Rice, Tollesbury; M. Robinson, Stockton-on-Tees; Sgmn. Yerbury, R.A., Somewhere-in-Britain.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 31 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above—2nd Runners-up Awards for 337 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

The well-known confections and medications made by

Simpkins

of Sheffield are available as under: *GLUCOSE*

BARLEY SUGAR

against points in Eastern Zone.

VITA GLUCOSE

for extra ENERGY—is reserved during scarcity for Diabetics in Hypoglycaemia and urgent medical cases.

MEDICATIONS

T.C.L., Compound of Thymol, Iodised Sore Throat and Friars Balsam Tablets. Generally available. 45% allocated to pre-war purchaser chemists.

BORWICK'S makes good wholesome cakes, pastry, puddings

LIGHTER, more appetising and digestible because Borwick's improves the texture, taste and attractiveness

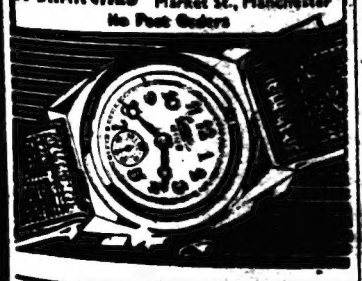
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

"I'm always on time, thanks to my **H. SAMUEL 'EVERITE'** the watch of time-tested accuracy!"

You're lucky if yours is an H. Samuel 'EVERITE.' Take extra care of it. They're now practically unobtainable.

99 BRANCHES Headquarters: Market St., Manchester. No Post Orders



This **FAMILY** Saves

"When there is any sign of indigestion we have a family habit of taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It never fails."

The cause of digestive upsets is often excess acidity—set up by fermenting food. These painful symptoms can be corrected by a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, taken after meals."

Ask your Chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. 2d. to 2/10 (including Purchase Tax).

Bisurated Magnesia

For a clean Healthy system

INNER CLEANLINESS comes first

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

Family size tin 2/-.

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(59-14)

Take **Alasil**

Aspirin with a Difference

The Enemy of PAIN

When the pain of pain upon you start Take ALASIL Tablets they'll quickly dispel

Whenever you need an aspirin, take an ALASIL Tablet. Known to and prescribed by the medical and dental professions for several years, Alasil Tablets have now been made available to the public and are obtainable everywhere. Alasil Tablets act in the quickest possible time, and far from having any unpleasant after-effects, they actually soothe the stomach and counteract any acidity which may be causing digestive trouble. Thus you quickly experience relief from pain without any reactions. These unusual and beneficial properties are due to the fact that each Alasil Tablet contains, in combination with the purest aspirin, a proportion of Alucol—a powerful gastric sedative and antacid.

Take ALASIL for:—Headache, Colds, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Sciatica, Periodic Pains.

6d. in Cartons. *In Bottles* 1/1½.

A.S.16

'ASPRO' works with NATURE!

Banishing Pain, Colds Flu, Headaches etc.

Forces that work together—pool resources—help one another, can move mountains. That is a truth as old as the hills. It is one of the reasons for the outstanding success of 'ASPRO' in many health emergencies. 'ASPRO' works with Nature, not against it. Colds—'flu attacks—headaches—neuralgia—rheumatic pains, etc., are signs that Nature needs help. 'ASPRO' gives that help—stops the pain—dispels feverishness—turns the scale. It helps to set the natural healing processes in motion. Before you realise it you are well again. Furthermore, there are no harmful after-effects for 'ASPRO' is absolutely pure:—

NO HARM TO HEART or STOMACH

Colds and Pains Banished

E. BAYFORD, of 13 Baxter Road, London, writes:—"I have had a very bad cold in my head and pains in my limbs. I have found 'ASPRO' have done me the world of good and in future they will be the first thing I will go for."

Prices: 3½, 6½ & 1/3½

(Purchase Tax included).

ASPRO Made by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

FALSE TEETH and proper mastication

A loose denture, besides causing discomfort and embarrassment, makes it impossible for you to masticate your food properly. Correct fitting can, however, be restored by using KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, specifically prepared *to make false teeth fit firmly.* This tasteless and odourless white powder, sprinkled on the contact surface of the plate, after cleaning, will hold it securely and comfortably in position for many hours. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 2/3d.

Girls! **HELP SOFTEN BLACKHEAD**

blemishes for easy removal by applying Cuticura Ointment. Quickly clears skin—keeps it soft and supple.

2/10 and 1/5 a tin at all Chemists and Stores

Cuticura OINTMENT

LAUGH and WIN in "LAUGH-LINES"

LAUGHS and £.S.D.—both can be yours if you take up *Laugh-Lines.* Substantial cheques and hundreds of other prizes are being won weekly for the simple and pleasant little job of placing the best four *Laugh-Lines.*

When you have enjoyed the humour of the 'prize smiles below, try your hand at joining the winners. All you do is to denote your choice of the best four by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS as directed on your coupon below.

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Grim Struggle—Before Pantomime Fairy "Air-borne"!
B. Biggest Of All—Dad's Onions, Jammed Pea-shooter!
C. Nice To Look At—Baby? Neighbours Admiring *Pram!*
D. At The Garrison Panto.—Prompter's Curses Beat Demon's!
E. Harvest Of The Sea—Not My Landlady's Fishcakes!
F. Worst Of Luck—Siren "Going"—Ma-in-law *Was!*
H. From The Heart—Army Tailor Measures Leg!
J. Hard-won Victory—Letting Auntie Beat You!
K. Bit Of A Heinkel—Cook Wanted, For Colander!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES - ENTRY COUPON BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

1st 2nd 3rd 4th

FEE 2½ col. 1s. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated April 29.

P.O. Value..., No.....
Signed .....
Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, APRIL 17.

184

OVER 300 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any 7 one column subjects, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divide and next above those one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines coupons used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines coupons FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co.), write name and address on back. Coupons must not be inscribed. Members of H.M. Forces (all ranks if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on conditions that each number of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated May 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO

BULLETS DOUBLED 1st RADIO and CAKES!

OTHER PRIZES £10-£5-£4 £3-£2 Lots 25 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, April 28.

BRITAIN EXPECTS
PRICE OF VICTORY
WE SALUTE
WAR OR NO WAR
ZERO HOUR
EIRE FORGETS
CLOSER NOW
UNOFFICIALLY
ON THE OTHER SIDE
HAPPY FAMILY

BULLETS 1,418 RESULT appears on Page 14

GOOD PLANNING
ANOTHER MATTER
ONE DARK NIGHT
WOMEN AT WAR
PRAISE INDEED
COMING INTO THE WORLD
FROM THE FIRST
GOOD-NIGHT KIDS
MORE IMPORTANT
TOMMY'S RADIO

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

THE BIGGEST .....
SAVE MORE ..... AND
IN THE RIGHT .....
SAME OLD .....
NOTHING TO .....
CAN'T BE .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—entries in blank spaces below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, any remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated April 29. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday 1,422 APL. 17
Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,422—or "Laugh-Lines" 184; "JOHN BULL" LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

DUTY FREE SMOKES

for P.O.W., ROYAL NAVY & H.M. FORCES OVERSEAS

may be sent at a quarter of the home price, and are packed in vacuum tins to ensure arrival at destination in perfect condition. Just ask your tobacconist for the official label/order form or in case of difficulty write direct to us, George Dobie & Son, Ltd., Duty Free Dept., 9, Causeyside Street, Paisley, Scotland. All you then need to do is to fill in the details according to the directions on the back of the label and return to your tobacconist or post back to us, as the case may be. Your order will receive immediate attention and you will be notified of despatch.

FOUR SQUARE

Tobacco and Cigarettes

LARDER GUARD STOP PRESS

"What impudence! I'd teach 'em, if Mistress would only give me something to make me well."

"TIBS! My Mistress is a mind reader. Now I'll soon show them nice how to goose-step."

"They say my name's in the paper. I wonder where it is?"

TIBS 'TIBS' are tasteless in the cats' food or drink. From all chemists and corn merchants. 7d. for 3, or 1/6 for 7.

KEEP CATS KITTENISH

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport.

ONLY TWO MILES TO GO! The man who takes his set to a dealer for service helps the dealer, helps himself, and helps everyone else who needs service. Our Murphy Dealers mean to keep every Murphy set 'in action' and we are behind them to help. If you can't find your Murphy Dealer we'll find one for you. If we can't we'll put your set right ourselves. But don't send your set to us unless we tell you. It will only cause needless delay. Your first step is to look for your Murphy Dealer.

your Murphy dealer will see you through

C.R.Casson.19

CAPEASIS

EXTRA SOFT

6½d. Controlled Price per roll.

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

FOR PERFECT HEALTH AND

Lovely Clear Skin

FOR SPRING

THE first essential of woman's personal charm is a skin without blemish, a complexion free from fault.

A clear, healthy skin is the reflection of that perfect "inner health" which Bile Beans bring. Purifying the blood-stream, cleansing the system of harmful toxins, toning you up, improving your vitality, Bile Beans are the perfect tonic-laxative.

So, if you want to be admired for your fresh, lovely complexion and radiant health, don't forget Bile Beans at bedtime.

Take Nightly PURELY VEGETABLE

BILE BEANS

—They Purify The Blood & Tone You Up

Ah! THAT'S Stopped my HEADACHE!

Well! I'll never be without Beecham's Powders in future. . . . they certainly are quick-acting and reliable in results. The Pain has entirely gone already and I feel full of energy again! And you say they are also good for Colds and Chills, Neuralgia, Nerve and Rheumatic Pains? As a general pick-me-up they are grand! No wonder they are so popular!

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

NEEDING A VALVE?

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A

MULLARD

There are more Mullard valves in the shops nowadays

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE COMPANY LIMITED
CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., and Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.